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HISTORICAL
AND
MORAL MISCELLANIES

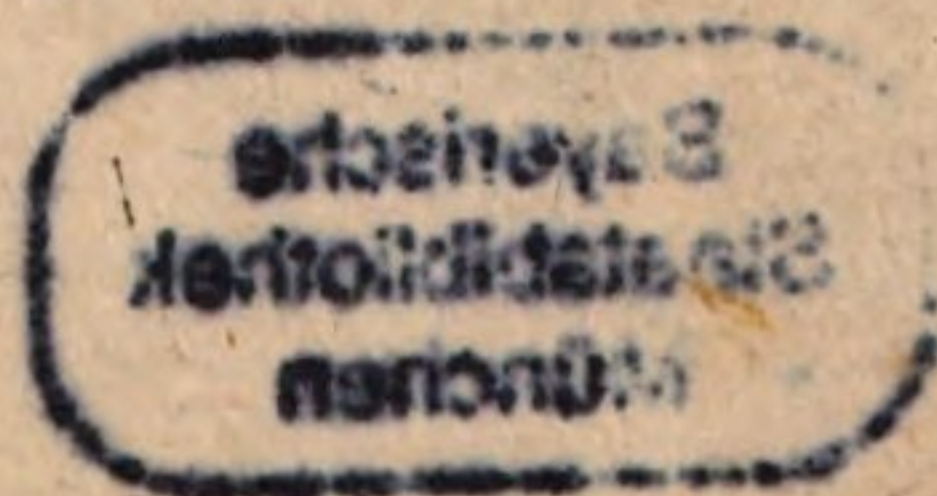
OR
A CHOICE

OF
INTERESTING TALES, ANECDOTES, CURIOSITIES OF
NATURE, LIVES OF REMARKABLE MEN, CUSTOMS
OF PEOPLE, AND REFLECTIONS ON SEVERAL
IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

BY
I. G. RIEVETHAL,
INSTRUCTOR AT THE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL
IN RIGA.

V O L. I.

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HISTORICAL

MORAL MISCELLANIES

A CHOICE

OF THE MOST INTERESTING
AND INSTRUCTIVE
ANECDOTES, CHARACTER
OF PEOPLE, AND WITTIQUETTES
IN LITERATURE

LECTURES

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UNIVERSITY OF

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Dieses Buch kann als eine Fort-
setzung der Lectures an-
gesehen werden. Merkwürdigkei-
ten aus der Natur- und Völker-
Geschichte, rührende Erzählungen,
Anecdoten, Biographien und Be-
trachtungen über wichtige Gegen-
stände der Sittenlehre, machen den

Inhalt davon aus. Ich wünsche
durch die Herausgabe desselben
zur Beförderung des Studiums der
Englischen Sprache, und einer
nützlichen Unterhaltung etwas bey-
zutragen.

Riga den 20. Jun. 1794

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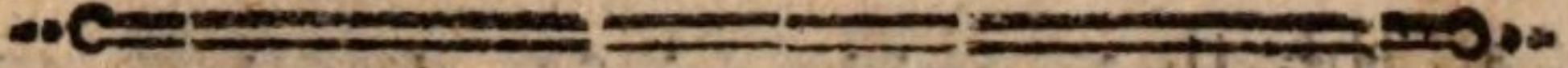
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1. The



I.

*The Horoscope, a remarkable Story
of Mr. Dryden.*

Mrs. Dryden, with all his understanding, was weak enough to be fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativity of his children. — When his lady was in labour with his son Charles, he being told, it was decent to withdraw, laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies then present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born, which she did, and acquainted him with it. — About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her that he had been calculating the child's nativity,

A

and

and observed, with grief, that he was born in an evil hour. — If he lives to arrive at the eighth year, says he, „he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day; but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will in the twenty-third year be under the very same evil direction; and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year is, I fear“ — Here he was interrupted by the immoderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity prophesied to befall her son. — The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. — The court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the earl of Berkshire, his brother — in law, to keep the long vacation with him at Charlton in Wilts; his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. — When they came to divide the children,

lady

lady Elisabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was too absolute, and they parted in anger; he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John. When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her, that her child was well, which recovered her spirits, and in six weeks after she received an eclairoissement of the whole affair.

Mr. Dryden either through fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a dealer in astrology; therefore could not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, from a general hunting-match Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited. When

he went out, he took care to set the boy a double exercise in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had left him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his duty, in obedience to his father, but, as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house; and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. — One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also, when, just as they came to the gate, the stag being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court-wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs following, threw down a part of the wall ten yards in length, under which Charles Dryden lay buried. — He was immediately dug out, and after six weeks languishing in a dangerous way, he recovered; so far Dryden's prediction was fulfilled. In the twenty-third year of his age Charles fell from

from the top of an old tower belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. — He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing sickly state. In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. — He had with another gentleman swam twice over the Thames; but returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, tho' too late. —

2.

*The Pagodas, and the Worship
of the Bramins.*

Nothing is more frequent in the Indies than temples or pagods. They have them in their cities, in their palaces, in private houses, in the open fields, in forests, and
A 3 caverns,

caverns, on the way-sides, and the banks of rivers. Among this great number there are some private ones, almost unfrequented; others are public for all the nation, and famous for the concourse of the most distant provinces to them. The expences of the latter are very considerable, both for their decoration, and keeping up the lights which burn there perpetually, few of them having windows; for the subsistence of Bramins, Banjans, and Talapoins; and for the donations which are distributed among the foreign pilgrims. To furnish all these expences, the kings have granted them large revenues, which are raised by way of impost on all the merchandizes in which they trade in the neighbourhood. Baron Tavernier has left us a description of the four principal pagods of the country, those of Jagranate, Banaron, Tripeti, and Matura. It will be sufficient to give one as an example of the rest.

The pagod of Matura on the road from Agra to Delly, is like most of the rest,
built

built in the form of a cross, whereof each wing is of equal extent. The stone of that edifice is remarkable: the colour is reddish, it is cut in the manner of our slate, and there are some pieces fifteen feet long, and nine or ten broad, and sometimes only six inches in thickness. The temple is situated on a great platform of an octogone figure, laid all over with hewn stone. An edge of stone, which runs round it, divides it as it were into two stories, which are both filled with figures of animals in bas relief, principally of apes. The ascent to it is by two staircases of sixteen very narrow steps, one of which lands in the great portal of the pagod, and the other behind the choir. The outside, like the platform, is adorned with figures of animals, particularly rams, apes, and elephants cut in stone, with a great number of niches containing different monsters. In the middle of the edifice there is a very lofty cupola with two smaller ones at its side. These are pieced

from top to bottom with several windows, from five to six feet in height, with a balcony before them, on which four persons may stand abreast. All round these cupolas there are an infinite number of niches full of figures, representing demons. One has four arms, another four legs, or even more; there are some who have human heads on the bodies of beasts, with horns and long tails covering their thighs. The eyes are terrified at the sight of so many monsters, which present themselves on all sides. The choir of the pagod is enclosed by a balustrade of small stone columns, from five to six inches in diameter; and none are permitted to enter there, but the principal Bramins. I asked some of them if I could see the great Ram Ram, that is the principal idol. I obtained leave by means of two pieces of silver I put into their hands. They opened a small gate, and I saw across the balustrade something like a square altar, covered with an old brocade of gold and silver, on which the great

great idol was placed. Its head was only to be seen, which is of a very black marble, and the eyes are formed of two large rubies. All the body is covered with a robe of red velvet, adorned with some embroideries; and the arms are not seen. It has at its side two smaller idols, which are about two feet in height, of a white marble, and dressed in the same manner, but more simply: they are called Becchor. Having enquired what was the use of a sort of a large coffer placed upon four wheels, and covered with a painted stuff, which represented a vast number of diabolical figures, the Bramins answered it was the portable altar on which they placed their great god, on solemn days, when he went to visit the other gods, and when they carried him to the river Ganges, with all the people at their grand feast. The other idols of Wistnou, whose image several travellers have caused to be engraved in their accounts, differ from this, that their limbs are commonly seen, and they

they have four arms. Those which the people in the country make for themselves, and to which they fix any notion that comes into their head, are rather an object of ridicule than religion. They take some stone, or piece of wood, on which they cut a nose and eyes in a coarse manner, and all the family runs to adore the god, which the least glimmering of human reason ought to render contemptible.

It is true, they do not believe they are dispensed by this private idol from performing their devotion at one of the four great pagods, as has been already mentioned. Whether the custom has arisen in the country, or the Mahometans have occasioned it by their famous caravans to Mecca, it is certain that all the idolaters under the dominion of the great princes of the country within and beyond the Ganges, perform a pilgrimage at least once in their life-time to one of the principal pagods. Commonly it is that of Jagrenate, because it lies on the Ganges, whose
waters

waters they hold in particular veneration. The Bramins and rich men perform it every four years, and others every six or eight. They carry the idols of their pagods on litters, and the inhabitants of every village, or a whole city set out together to render the caravan more solemn. The poor, who come sometimes from three or four hundred leagues distance, and are unable to support the expences of the journey, are assisted by the rich, who contribute largely to render this chief act of their religion more meritorious. Every one travels according to his circumstances and quality; some in a palanquin, or a litter, carried on men's shoulders, some in chariots, many on oxen, and the poor a-foot; the mother is loaded with the children, and the father with provisions. The Bramins distribute among the most considerable persons five or six large fans, about eight feet in height, and formed in a circular manner, with a slight stuff resembling a sieve. Little bells and peacock feathers are fixed to it, to drive away

away the flies, and give air to the idol's face, who is seated on a cushion of velvet or brocade. From time to time the fans are changed, that others may partake of that honour. When they arrive at that pagod, which is the term of their pilgrimage, the principal Bramins in its service inquire into the circumstances of every pilgrim; they tax those who are in a condition to distribute alms according to their ability, which alms they employ in the service of the pagod, and maintenance of the poor. All the ceremony they practice in this place of their devotion, consists in washing and bathing, if they are near a large river, and presenting themselves before the great idol, where the principal Bramin rubs their fore-head and nose with a yellow stuff. By these means they hope to obtain remission of sins, and they are persuaded that if a man or beast has the happiness to die in one of the principal pagods, his soul will immediately enjoy the happiness of Wistnou or Brama.

3.

The Dolphin.

The dolphin is a large fish, generally about four feet in length, and his head about ten inches thick. The belly is yellow and the rest of clear blue with deeper spots of the same colour, especially round the head. They change colour when they are dying, and resemble porcelain or china-ware. They have a fin on the back reaching from the neck to the tail, two others on the belly near the neck and another at each side of the head. The tail is forked, and the pupil surrounded with a white circle, with a little mouth, and small teeth.

The dolphin is easily drawn to the sea-side by singing, the sound of a musical instrument, or the allurements of food. He knows again those who are kind to him, and is concerned when he sees them go away. That accident which happened at
Cam-

Campania under the reign of Augustus and was attested by Mecenas, and many great men of that age, has been frequently painted, and much admired. A child of Baiae, who was frequently obliged to go to Puteoli to the public schools, had made an acquaintance with a dolphin as he passed the gulph which separated the two cities. The fish took notice of the time when the young man came to take water, and waited for him at the sea-side. He played for a long time about him to gain his friendship and confidence, and engaged him by the motions he made to mount upon his back, and carried him to the other side: after the school was over, the dolphin returned to take him up, and carried him back to the port of Baiae. That exercise continued without interruption for several years, and the whole city ran in crowds to be witnesses of it. But the boy having been attacked by a distemper which proved mortal, the fish wandered continually about the shore, and seeing no more the youth whom he loved, languished and died.

The

The same thing having happened at different places, renders this more probable. It was observed at Alexandria in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, attended with very particular circumstances. A dolphin mixed himself with some young men who were bathing in the sea, and after having examined them all, he attached himself to him that was most beautiful. He swam about him, and at first the young man was afraid; but observing that the fish endeavoured to please him, he took courage, mounted upon his back, and swam about with him a long time in the sea, guiding and conducting him wherever he pleased. He returned thither at different times, and this exercise became a public spectacle. But unhappily he occasioned as much pain as he had given pleasure. One day the dolphin neglected to lay flat the pikes which are upon his back; one of them ran into the body of the young man, and pierced an artery by which he lost all his blood. The fish finding him senseless, because he no longer directed his

his motion, carried him back to the shore; and seeing him ready to expire, he resolved to punish himself, and remained on the sand till he died.

If the following instance of gratitude is true, it does as much honour to these animals as dishonour to human nature. Ceranus a merchant of Paros, met at Bizantium with fishermen, who having taken some dolphins, were preparing to put them to death. He bought them, and threw them again into the sea. Instinct inspired them with every thing that reason could have dictated to them. They followed the vessel in which Ceranus returned to Greece, and saved him in the shipwreck which he suffered, and carried him to Paros. Ceranus ever after kept up a kind of correspondence with them. When he died, his relations buried him at the sea-side. Some how or other the dolphins had information of it. They came as near the pile as was possible, and staid there till he was consumed, as if to assist at his funeral.

One

One might esteem himself happy, if those to whom he renders good offices, took not occasion to repay him with ingratitude before his death. It is true, all of them are not so tractable. They are of them near the island Trapobane which may called real sea-monsters, whose bite is very dangerous, and devour passengers. But there are others who have their share of good nature. They assist the mariners in fishing; they love and defend one another to the hazard of their lives, and for that reason are never seen alone. The surest method to catch them, is, to engage them to the sea-side by the sound of an organ, or the melody of some other musical instrument. They have no enmity except with the crocodile, whom they chase, and frequently wound with the pikes on their back. We know not for what reason the ancients would not eat of them, unless it was on account of the regard they bore to this animal; as for example, the Cyreneans who dedicated an oracle to it. The same notion made

B

Alexander,

Alexander, when he returned to Babylon, appoint a child to be the priest of Neptune, because the dolphin loves youth.

4.

*On Anger and strong instances
of it.*

Anger seems to have its foundation in that first and most essential principle of human nature, I mean the principle of selfpreservation. It is a kind of instinctive feeling, that alarms the mind on the receipt of any injury, and prompts us to repel the blow. When a tile falls from the roof of a house on my head, I feel an instantaneous resentment; a resentment which it is as impossible for me to prevent, as it would be not to have a sense of pain when I put my finger into the fire: but when I am informed that this tile was blown down by the wind, my resentment presently subsides; and

and though I may lament my misfortune, I cannot be angry at the cause, as indeed it was owing to no cause at all, but the effect of pure chance. Had this tile been thrown by some person, without any intention of hurting me, my resentment would rise a little higher than in the former case, but would not amount to what I properly called anger; I might blame him for his rashness, but could not condemn him for his wickedness. But had he thrown it with a design to strike me, my resentment would have increased to the highest pitch of anger, and spurred me on to take immediate vengeance, did not my reason step in, and assure me, that I must be content with such reparation as is provided by the laws of my country. That the intention of hurting is necessary to constitute an injury with regard to the agent, and to excite the passion of anger in the mind of the patient, may be demonstrated by the following example. Suppose one person should fire a gun with an intention to kill you, but miss his aim;

and another fire accidentally, and give you a mortal wound, you would be much more angry at the former, than the latter, not because he had hurt you more (for in effect he has not hurt you at all) but only because he intended it. This seems to be the true and philosophical account of the rise and progress of anger in the human mind: but the misfortune is, that passionate people confound all these distinctions, and are equally angry at every thing, that gives them pain or uneasiness, whether it be animate or inanimate, rational or irrational; whether it be a post, a horse, a friend or a foe. They are injured, or, which is the same thing, they think they are injured, and therefore they will be revenged. A remarkable instance of this species of anger, or rather madness, we have in the history of Cyrus, as related by Herodotus. When that monarch was marching to besiege the city of Babylon, he attempted to ford the river Gyndes, a thing hardly practicable, even in the greatest drought of summer,

but

but which at that time was absolutely impossible, as the river overflowed its banks. In this attempt he lost one of his finest horses; which provoked him to such a degree, that he swore he would reduce the river to so low an ebb as to be fordable by women and children; an oath which he kept with greater punctuality than prudence: for, whilst he was employed in the execution of this romantic scheme, which indeed he actually accomplished, by dividing the stream into three hundred and sixty rivulets, the proper season for action elapsed, the soldiers were harraffed and fatigued with fruitless labour, and the ennemy had an opportunity of preparing for a more vigorous defence.

The behaviour of Xerxes, on a similar occasion, as recorded the same historian, is, if possible, still more ridiculous. A bridge, which he had thrown over the Hellespont for transporting his troops from Asia into Europe, having been battered and beat down by the waves, he was seized

with such a fit of frantic passion, that he ordered his soldiers to punish the sea, by giving it three hundred lashes, branding it with a red-hot iron, and putting it in fetters. These, you will say, are the words of a madman: doubtless they are, and it is for that very reason I mention them, in order to show that anger and madness are nearly allied, or more properly the same. Both consist in a suspension of the rational faculties; with only this difference, that in anger the suspension is temporary, in madness it is continual. Besides, were most men to take a review of the past transactions of their lives, they would find, I am afraid, that at one time or other, they have talked in a style as ridiculous, and acted in a manner as absurd as the Persian king, though perhaps on a different occasion.

But the misfortune is, that though, in our cold and sedate hours, we can see the absurdity of other people's conduct; yet when our blood is inflamed, and our
passions

passions roused, we cannot perceive the absurdity, though guilty of as great, if not greater faults. Anger is a most odious and dangerous passion, whether we consider the folly and impiety of it, or the fatal and tragical effects it frequently produces.

5.

The life of Tasso.

This celebrated Italian poet was born the 11th. of March 1544. at Serrento in the kingdom of Naples; he was descended from an illustrious family, and his father, Bernardo Tasso, was also a poet; and like most poets he died in poverty and distress, occasioned by his attachment to prince Salerno, who was despoiled of his territories by Charles V.

Torquato Tasso testified from his infancy an extraordinary taste for poetry,

and sought for patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his Father, who was taught by experience the danger that attended the votaries of the muses, who aimed at the protection of the great. At the age of seventeen he already displayed his poetical talents, and at twenty-two he began his *Jerusalem delivered*, one of the finest epic poems ever written. It is true that the vicious taste of the times extorted from him situations that seemed only suited to the land of fairies, a mixture of Pagan and Christian ideas, double-entendres and puerile conceits; for we easily forgive these slips for the order and disposition of the poem, the importance of the subject, which incessantly increases, the singular art of conducting events, and the striking pictures which successively present themselves of the terrors of war and seductive voluptuousness. Tasso appears superior to Homer, whose foot-steps he seems to have followed, by the lights and shades he has thrown upon his
canvass,

canvass, and by giving to the different virtues and vices their proper features, which mark them the most strikingly: add to this the style, which is always clear, elegant and harmonious, and which compleats the happy effect of this poem upon every reader of taste.

Tasso travelled into France at the age of eight and twenty; and was presented to king Charles IX. who gave him a gracious reception, and even yielded to his solicitations in pardoning a criminal, which the king had refused to every one else who had interceded for him: this malefactor, who was condemned to death, was a poet of some eminence, which partly induced Tasso to make application in his favour. He repaired to the Louvre, but upon his arrival he learnt that the king had given orders for his execution in a few days: this order did not, however, deter Tasso from proceeding on the business he designed. He appeared before the king with an open countenance, and said „Sire, I am come to

supplicate your majesty, not to suffer a wretch to perish by the laws, who has proved, that the frailty of human nature sets at nought all the precepts of philosophy."

The king, struck with this reflexion, and the ironical manner of supplicating the criminal's pardon, was induced to grant it.

Tasso was thirty years old, when he published his *Jerusalem delivered*, at the time he was at the court of Alphonso duke of Ferrara, his patron. This poet born with a heart sensible of every tender passion, became deeply enamoured with princess Eleonor, the duke's sister, and she did not behold him with indifference. Tasso, according to the biographers who have written his life, was completely formed to please; his manners were soft and engaging; his figure prepossessing; agreeable in conversation, with a happy imagination, and a great nobleness of sentiment. To these accomplishments he united a virtue which is not often met with in poets, uncommon courage. Having entrusted the

the secret of his passion to a friend who betrayed him, he fought him and three of his brothers, who were so ungenerous as to oppose four to one; but the poet defended himself so valiantly, that he wounded two of his adversaries, and gained time to receive assistance, when they were separated.

The duke having received intelligence of this quarrel, and being offended at Tasso's audacity, in entertaining a passion for his sister, the poet was put under arrest, and the remainder of his life was a tissue of misfortunes. He was exiled, imprisoned, and reduced to extreme poverty. This ill treatment, and his extravagant passion, joined to the severe criticisms of his rivals, destroyed his health, and brought on him a fixed melancholy which made him appear bereft of his senses, after having displayed a genius superior to all his contemporaries.

At length, however, after passing twenty years in this wretched situation, his

his merit surmounted all opposition. Honours and fortune were now strewed before him. Clement VIII. emulous of doing honour in a particular manner to the author of Jerusalem delivered, sent for him to Rome. The pope had resolved in a conclave of cardinals to bestow on him the crown of laurel, and a triumph, a very serious ceremony, eagerly sought for at that time in Italy. He was met about a mile distant from Rome by the two nephews of the pope, who were then cardinals and who admired and esteemed Tasso. He was conducted to audience of the pope who said to him: „I intreat you to honour this crown of laurel, which has hitherto honoured all those who have worn it.“ The coronation was to have been in the capitol, and the two cardinals proposed performing the ceremony. Tasso's triumph was upon the point of being complete; but the poet, who had for a series of years been unfortunate, fell ill, and died the very day before the ceremony was to have been
been

been performed; as if fortune had resolved to make him a play-thing to the end of his days.

The author of *Observations upon Italy* relates a singular event, and which evinces that Providence always blends some consolation in the greatest distress, with which the days of illustrious men are embittered by their contemporary rivals. Tasso was once attacked upon the road by a numerous banditti; but upon their hearing the name of the author of *Jerusalem* delivered, they presented him to their chief, who received him with respect and veneration; all his baggage was restored to him, to which was added a considerable present, and the chief at the head of an escorte conducted him out of all peril.

Tasso, though constantly unfortunate as constantly displayed much mildness and generosity. An acquaintance having advised him to be revenged of a man who had done him several ill offices, Tasso replied, „I would

would not," said he, „deprive him of his life, his wealth, or his honour; but I should like to take from him his evil disposition.“

This poet wrote almost every kind of poetry, heroic, dramatic, and pastoral.

His works were collected in six volumes in folio, at Florence, in 1724. with the observations pro and con upon Jerusalem delivered. We find in this collection Jerusalem conquered, la Gerusalemme conquistata, a poem which Tasso wrote to accommodate in some manner the taste and ideas of the critics; but it has not been received with the same applause as the former, where the author gave a scope to his genius. He died at Rome April 15. 1595, aged fifty one years.

6.

The surprising effects of the Rattle-Snake's poison.

Captain Hall a judicious and accurate observer, being in South Carolina, procured a fine healthful rattlesnake, about four feet long, and with one Mr. Kidwell, a surgeon, and three or four other gentlemen, made several experiments to try the effects of its poison. They got three cur-dogs, the largest not bigger than a common harrier; and the snake being tied and pinned down to a grass-plot, they took the largest of the dogs, and having tied a cord round his neck so as not to strangle him, the captain held one end, and another person the other. Immediately on bringing the dog over the snake, he raised himself near two feet and bit the dog as he was jumping. The dog yelped, by which the captain perceived he was bitten, and pulling the dog to him as fast as he could, he found his eyes fixed,
his

his tongue between his teeth, which were close, his lips drawn up so as to leave his teeth and gums bare; and, in short, he was quite dead in a quarter of a minute. They could not see where the bite was, nor observe any blood; upon which ordering some hot water to scald the hair off, they discovered only one puncture, with a blueish green colour appearing a little round it. This was just between his fore-legs, and his breast, where the hair was thinner than in some other places.

Half an hour after this they took a second dog, which was somewhat smaller, and brought him in like manner over the snake, which bit his ear, so that all the company saw it. The dog yelped much, shewed signs of being very sick, reeled and staggered about for some time, then fell down and struggled as if convulsed, and two or three times got up again, each time wagging his tail though flowly, and endeavoured to follow a negro boy, who used to make much of him. They put him in

in a closet and ordered the boy to look after him, who brought word in two hours that the dog was dead.

About an hour after the second dog was bitten, they took the third in like manner, which the snake bit on the right side of the belly, so that he drew blood. The dog for about a minute did not seem to be hurt, so they let him go, and saw no more of him; but the next day a woman, who owned him, came to the captain, complaining of his cruelty for killing her dog.

Four days afterwards they got two dogs as big as common bull-dogs; and the first, which the snake bit on the inside of his left thigh died exactly in half a minute, according to the watches of two gentlemen present. There were two very small punctures in his thigh, which looked livid, though no blood was drawn. The second dog was bit an hour after the first on the out-side of his thigh, where they perceived blood at two places; he soon
E sickened

sickened and died in four minutes. As they thought the snake's poison was not spent, they got a cat, which he bit an hour after; she was very sick, and they put her in a closet; but by some means or other she got out, and the next morning was found dead in the garden.

A month after these experiments were made, the captain procured a common black snake not of the viper kind, about two feet and a half long, and just taken; and putting this and the rattle-snake together, he irritated them so that they bit each other. He perceived that the black snake had drawn blood of the rattle snake, before he took them asunder; the black snake died in less than eight minutes, but the rattle snake did not seem sick, or at all the worse for his wound.

The last experiment the captain made with this snake, was to try whether its poison would not prove mortal to itself. In order to this he hanged it in such a manner that it was not above half its length
on

on the ground, and then so irritated it, by pricking and scratching it with two needles fastened to the end of a stick, that it soon bit itself, after having several times attempted to bite the stick. He then let it down, and it was quite dead in eight or ten minutes. The snake was then cut into five pieces, and given to a hog, the head part first, in the sight of several people. The hog eat up all the snake, and ten or twelve days afterwards the captain saw the hog alive and healthful.

To the instances already given of the strength and virulence of this poison on animals, let us add another on the vegetable body, which is mentioned by colonel Beverly, who says, he was informed by colonel Taylor, that being in company with others in the woods, they found a rattle-snake and cut off his head; then with a green stick which he had in his hand about eighteen inches long, the bark of which was newly peeled off, he urged and provoked the head till it bit the stick with

fury several times; whereupon the colonel observing small green streaks rise up along the stick towards his hand, he threw it on the ground, and in a quarter of an hour it split into several pieces, and fell afunder from end to end.

7.
*Authentic Memoirs of Alexis
 Pugatscheff.*

Pugatscheff was born a barbarian, and ranged in his youth with the hords of Don Cossacks his countrymen. He displayed an early propensity for the profession of arms, and enlisted, at the age of sixteen, at Kamenoi, near the place of his nativity, in a regiment on its march to Trinity city, on the sea of Asoph: there he learned to read and write from a Livonian soldier, and by unremitting diligence and application
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was soon metamorphosed from a savage wanderer into a civilized Russian. Pugatscheff having recommended himself to the attention of his officers, by the spirited manner in which he acquitted himself of all the parts of his duty, his regiment was no sooner removed to Woronets, than he was made a serjeant. This first promotion in the army raised his aspiring thoughts to a superior rank, and having obtained a lieutenant's commission at Moscow, he there applied closely to the study of mathematics, in the college founded by Peter the Great. He made so rapid a progress in those parts of this science adapted to his profession, that he was noticed by M. de Schuwalow high chamberlain to the empress Elizabeth, who being informed of his origin, and of his preferment deserved and unsolicited made a favourable report of him to his mistress, who advanced him to the rank of a captain, in a regiment at that time in garrison at Peterburgh. In this capital he learned all the exercises calculated to give bodily

grace and agility. With these exterior accomplishments, a fine figure, and an athletic person, his patron introduced him to court, where he was graciously received. He did not seem in the least disconcerted, or out of his element in the centre of magnificence and royalty. He was naturally bold, sagacious, enterprizing, and endowed with a resolution and perseverance that no danger could dismay, nor difficulties deter. The Grand Duke, afterwards Peter III. distinguished him by his confidence and favour, and often admitted him to his private parties: but some courtiers, jealous of this distinction, contrived to have him removed from Peterburgh, by getting him appointed to a majority in a regiment quartered at Moscow. When he arrived in that city, his finances were exhausted by the splendid appearance he had made at Peterburgh, and having killed an opulent merchant in a quarrel, he was charged by his enemies with the atrocious crime of premeditated assassination, from a principle of

of fordid villainy. Whether he was apprehensive of a prosecution, or thought this odious deed would be an indelible stain upon his character, which might blast his future expectations in the Russian service, he retired to Memel, a frontier-town in the Prussian dominions. He wrote from that place to the Czar Peter III. as soon as he received intelligence of the death of the empress Elizabeth; and that prince having adopted a system of politics different from his predecessor, on the first preliminaries of the peace with the Prussian monarch, recommended Pugatscheff to the kings protection, as an active and brave officer. The shrewd Frederick who had lately fought several desperate battles against the Russians, to stop their progresses and to save his capital, gladly accepted the olive-branch offered to him by Peter III. and bestowed, at the Czar's request, a lieutenant-colonel's commission on Pugatscheff, who soon conceived a dislike for the Prussian service, and having left it on the first news

of the revolution which had deprived the new emperor of his crown and his life, was hanged in effigy at Königsberg as a deserter. He went through Lithuania into the province of Smolensko, in the Russian dominions, and from thence to Moscow, and being acquainted with a monk of the order of St. Basil, in that part of the city called the Krimlin, where he lived incognito, he was supplied by this friend with the habit of these recluses, which he immediately assumed. In order to propagate a report that the Czar Peter III. was still alive, he contrived to have wrote in capital letters, on a scroll of parchment affixed to the image of the virgin Mary, in the Krimlin church, the following words:

„Peter III. miraculously escaped from the place of his confinement, having renounced all wordly grandeur, has put himself and his son under the protection of the holy virgin, and recommends to all the friends of Peter, the First Progeny, the Great Duke Paul Petrowiz's cause: the
time

time will come, when Peter III. shall appear in behalf of his injured son."

As this image is worshipped by numberless votaries from the most distant parts of the empire, it was soon reported thro' all parts of the city and the adjacent provinces, that Peter III's miraculous preservation, in consequence of his vow to the Virgin Mary, was indubitable; and an immense concourse of people had resorted to this sanctuary to be ocular witnesses of this supernatural writing, before the priests of the Virgin's retinue, influenced by knavery, or awed by superstition, would presume to tear off this revealed parchment. Pugatscheff being apprized of the impression this religious imposture had made on the credulous and bigotted Muscovites, went to the provinces of Tweer and Nowogorod, where he propagated the report of the Czar's delivery from prison, by the interposition of the Virgin of Kremlin, with divers additional circumstances, to corroborate this extraordinary event. He diffused the same

report in the governments of Smolensko, Rezan, Belgorod, and among the Cossacks, his countrymen, where he took care not to make himself known, affecting to speak mysteriously, for fear of becoming suspected by the friends of the late revolution, and insinuating, by the dignity of his deportment, that he was a very great personage. After he had thus artfully prepared the minds of the common people for the part he intended to act, seeing the empress's attention taken up with the vast prospects of foreign conquests, and her armies employed in remote acquisitions, he threw off the mask, and published at Adar a manifesto, the substance of which was, that he was their lawful sovereign, Peter III. who had been miraculously preserved to raise his son to the imperial throne of his illustrious progenitors, usurped by his wife the actual empress, that he had given over all thoughts of sovereignty and dominion, and should spend his days in quietness and retirement, after, with his faithful and valiant subjects assistance,

assistance, he should see his son seated on the throne of the Russias. This manifesto, dispersed by his adherents in most of the provinces of Muscovy, had its desired effect.

About twenty thousand Cossacks and inhabitants of the provinces of Veroniz, Novogorod, Czerenish, Kasan et cet. repaired to his standard, and his confederates bringing daily new converts to his party, his army amounted at last to near 50000 men consisting chiefly of discontented slaves and half famished peasants, without either subordination or discipline; having no other resource for their subsistence but plunder and rapine, and carrying terror and desolation among defenceless and peaceful husbandmen, with ferocity and cruelty, instead of courage and a manly exertion of revenge on their oppressors.

The empress did not at first seem alarmed at this rebellion; but when she heard that Pugatscheff's boldness increased by the report he had spread in his army of
her

her inability to oppose him, her majesty sent all the troops she could spare to subdue the revolt. Pugatscheff gave all the necessary orders and instructions to reduce to order and discipline these pillagers; but he never could form but a few regular battalions, who dared face the Imperial troops in the open field. He was the only support of this desperate cause: he was prevailed on by his followers not rashly to oppose his person to danger, and not to risk the event of a general engagement. It was by carrying on the war by skirmishes and ambushes, in defiles, and inaccessible rocks, that he maintained for so considerable a time an open war against a princess victorious over all her foreign enemies in Europe and Asia.

Pugatscheff had the advantage of knowing perfectly well the country which he had pitched upon for the scene of action, and he never missed to secure a post which was an asylum against surprize and treachery. Some pretend that his intrepidity and
 perfe-

perseverance, with the little probability of reducing him with a handful of regulars, hastened the conclusion of the peace with the Turks. It is certain that the rebels, undisciplined as they were, never betrayed any signs of fear or despondence till that event, which put it in her majesty's power to send a formidable force against them. From that time they seemed disheartened, and the major part of his adherents abandoned their chief on the late reinforcement sent against them. Notwithstanding this defection, Pugatscheff did not appear dismayed, and, indeed, he was not subdued, but betrayed by his aid de camp and his secretary, who, when he was taking some rest in a remote cavern, bound him hand and foot, and delivered him to a Russian officer. When he was conducted to the head quarters, no alteration was seen in his countenance; and he preserved, during his confinement at Moscow, his interrogatories, the tortures, and the scaffold, where he suffered the punishment for his imposture and rebellion, the same composure and serenity.

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He was dressed in scarlet, trimmed with silver, when he was executed, (Jan. 20. 1775.) and could not be compelled, even by the rack, to impeach his accomplices. We are still in the dark as to the true motives of his rebellion, which perhaps will never be known. During his trial the empress issued letters patent to the members of the senate at Moscow, in which she remitted the crime of treason against her person by Pugatscheff, but delivered him over to the hands of justice, to be punished for the murders, robberies and devastations committed by him and his followers. This lenity was consistent with policy, and it has been thought more prudent to forgive most of his adherents, than to perpetuate the memory of this revolution by the execution of all the chiefs of this conspiracy. The only confession he made in his last moments was the imposture of having personated Peter III.

8.

Hope and its Blessings.

It is astonishing that man, the most noble of all creatures, should have so many imperfections. It seems as if there is always something of which he is in want, since he is ever desiring what he does not possess. Every thing he sees, every thing he hears, every thing that he imagines, excites so many desires, which nothing can extinguish, and which it is almost impossible for him to obtain; his weakness will not suffer him to keep pace with the vivacity of his imagination; nor can his imagination furnish him with the means of gratification; he is agitated by an eternal inquietude, which hope alone is capable of calming.

Man, though often unhappy in his projects, applies to them with ardour, and even the misfortune of having failed, almost constantly serves him for a new motive of pursuing them. The thirst which cannot
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be quenched, and which constantly parches him up; these desires which are always insatiable, and which he is never sure of restraining, would doubtless become a dreadful punishment, were it not for the hope of success with which he is flattered, and it renders him at least happy, from the idea that he cannot fail of being so.

In fact, Hope only leads him through agreeable paths till he arrives at the place where it is obliged to abandon him, it alone has the art to take from him the sensation of the present moment when it is disagreeable, and to render in a manner present the agreeable futurity, to which he proposes to arrive. How far soever that which pleases him is distant, hope brings it nearer; he enjoys happiness while he hopes for it; if it escapes him he hopes still; if he acquires it, he promises himself that he shall possess it for ever.

Whether happy or unhappy, we are supported and animated by hope; and such
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is the inconstancy of human things, that it justifies our boldest projects, since by the continual vicissitudes of good and evil, we have no more reason to fear what we detest, than to hope for what we desire.

May we not say with truth, that hope to us is as a second life, and that it softens the bitterness of that we have received from the hands of the creator? It is still the soul of the universe, and the most powerful spring that maintains its harmony.

It is by hope that the whole world is governed. Would laws be made, were it not for the hope of a wise polity? Should we see obedient subjects, if each of them by his submission did not flatter himself with contributing to the happiness of his country? What would be the arts, and how many of them would be judged useless, were it not for the hope of the advantages to be derived from them? Would not the sciences be neglected, talents uncultivated, the most happy genius lost, without the flattering hope of a more certain and refined taste,

taste, in every thing that is of importance to be known?

If we ask the warrior, what it is that leads him so often to expose himself to danger, when he might spend the same days with less peril, and more tranquillity? he will say it is from the hope of glory, which he cherishes and prefers to the insipid sweetness of an obscure and inactive life. The merchant traverses the seas; but it is the hopes of being recompensed by riches, that makes him despise the dangers of rocks and tempests. The husbandman bends under his plow, and bedews the earth with his sweat; but that earth is to feed him, and he would never be at the pains of cultivating it, did he not expect the reward of his labours.

Whatever are our enterprises, hope is the motive; it is the foretaste of our success, and at least for a time, a real good in the want of that which escapes us. It is a joy anticipated which sometimes deceives; but while it subsists, affords us a pleasure which
 seldom

seldom yields to the enjoyment of that which it promises, and often effaces the pleasure we have already tasted in the most happy situation.

And how could we with tranquillity enjoy life, if we did not live from day to day in the hope of prolonging it? There are scarcely any of the sick, even those afflicted with the most desperate disease, who do not flatter themselves at the approach of death, and hope for a cure almost at the moment when they expire. We carry even our hopes beyond the grave, and endeavour to immortalize ourselves in the memory of men. Filled with this flattering idea, we are more disposed to plunge without return into the abyss of eternity.

*A curious challenge from Solyman
Emperor of the Turks to Maximilian
II. Emperor of the Germans.*

By connivance of the great God in heaven we Solyman, god on earth, great and sublime emperor of all the world, lord, master, and disposer of all the followers of Christ; we send and declare, unto thee, Maximilian, indignation misfortune, and infidelity to thee and thy princes, subjects and adherents. We, moreover, give thee to know that we, by the sufferance of the great God, stiled in earth the perpetual and universal God, most mighty emperor, Soldan of Babylon, lord of Armenia, the mightiest, in Persepolis and Numidia, the great auxiliary of God, prince in Barbary, even unto the mountains of Achaia; king of kings, from the meridian to the poles, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, the first and chief placed in the paradise of Mahomet,

Mahomet, the scourge of christendom and christians, keeper and defender of thy god crucified, the only victorious and triumphant lord of all the world, and of all circuits and provinces thereof: thou Maximilian, who stilest thyself king of our kingdom of Hungary, we will visit thee for that cause and make thee acquainted with our strength of thirteen kingdoms, collected in one hundred thousand horse and foot, prepared for war, with all the power of Turkish munition, such as thou, or none of thy servants have seen, heard, or had knowledge of; and this even before thy chief city Vienna. We Solyman God on earth, in defiance of thee, thy adherents, and abettors, do, with our warlike strength, pronounce, and intend thine and their utter destruction and depopulation, by every possible means we can devise; and this we signify unto thee, to the end that thou and thy miserable people, may prepare yourselves for death or ruin: with us it is determined, by the hands of our Janizaries, to ravage and

spoil thee, and all thy German kingdoms and provinces; this misery we have denounced against thee and thy princes; have thou no doubt but we will come.

„Dated in the year of our reign forty-seven, in the city of Constantinople, from which we did expel thy predecessors, their wives, children, and friends, and made them miserable slaves and captives.“

IO.

Osman or modern gratitude.

Osman distinguished himself at Constantinople by virtues which were no less uncommon than elevated. But prejudice, which tyrannizes every where, prevented his meeting with that respect which he deserved. He possessed all those qualifications which form the great or rather just man. Satisfied with himself he looked upon
flatterers

flatterers and calumniators with contempt. His travels, for he had made the tour of Europe, had polished and refined his understanding, without corrupting his heart. On his return to his own country, he recollected what he had seen, and knew how to reduce it into a regular system for his conduct. The manner in which they live at Constantinople soon disgusted him — he retired to a country seat some miles from the capital, where he formed a society which consisted entirely of Europeans. His friends disliked, and turned it into ridicule: he suffered them to say what they pleased, without making the least alteration in his conduct.

Ergastus, a young Frenchman whose appearance was extremely engaging, soon became his confident. His age and vivacity rendered him agreeable. Fortune had used him with rigour, which served to recommend him the more strongly to the Mussulman. That levity, that captivating address, and that amiable exterior which

characterise the French, charmed Osman, who gave himself up, without the least reserve, to the inclination he had for the young foreigner. The sequel will shew what return his friendship met with.

Osman purchased a female slave of exquisite beauty. His generosity and magnanimity was too great to sacrifice her to his desires. His heart shrunk back at the very idea of making those beings unhappy whom we cannot but adore. His taste, or rather custom, made him keep a magnificent seraglio in the environs of Constantinople; but the beauties who adorned it enjoyed as much liberty as himself. That spot was the asylum of the unfortunate, and the seat of innocent pleasures; an access to it was permitted to all those whom he honoured with the name of friends. The slave who was presented to him blushed; and he found that from that minute he must be her captive for ever. The amiable fair was a native of France, her name was Fatima; the chagrin with which

which she was overwhelmed, and the tears which she shed, had very little effect upon Osman: he flattered himself that he should soon dissipate them by his attentions, affection, and presents. Jealousy follows love very closely: he concealed his new mistress from the sight of his friends; and was inaccessible himself. Always near Fatima, he passed whole days in gazing at her, and in adoring her, without being able to declare the sentiments with which she inspired him.

Pressed by his passion, he embraced an opportunity which he thought the most favourable, and accosted her in this manner.

„Amiable Fatima, may I dare to speak to you of the sentiments which you inspire me with? Your beauty has given birth to them; your character, and every thing about you augments them. My respect has enjoined me to be silent, but my passion, which is predominant over my reason, obliges me to unbosom all my feelings to you. You have absolute power here; com-

mand, dispose of my possessions and even of my life itself. Osman must obey. You cast down your eyes, fair Fatima; am I so unhappy as to have displeased you? I will not accept of you but by your own consent; my attentions and constancy are the only arms that I shall make use of to vanquish a heart I cannot esteem enough. You only can make me happy. If I am so unhappy as to be — an object of hate! It will certainly shorten my days — but my love will follow me beyond the grave.“

The fair slave made him no other answer but her sighs. Osman, who examined her, finding no signs of hatred in her eyes, was transported with the discovery; he thought that he might, in time, surmount all those scruples, which might prevent the beautiful nymph from making a return to his tenderness.

Hope made its way into Osman's heart by slow and insensible degrees. He found the sorrow of Fatima decreased; a sweet melancholy succeeded in its place; the
complaisance

complaisance with which she heard him; the sweetness and respect with which she tempered her replies increased both his passion and his hopes. Osman was acquainted with the European customs, and knew that it was necessary to make use of many a flattery, and condescension; and to stay with patience for some time before a lady would be brought to say — *I love you*. It was in vain that he waited for that happy moment; Fatima was still the same, and had made use of no other language but her sighs. Tired of acting the part of a lover, Osman was determined to resume that of a master: hatred, and the greatest contempt usurped the place of confidence, and made him repent his temerity. He had recourse to prayers and tears; but they procured him nothing but a fruitless compassion. He discovered the tears tremble in the eyes of his fair captive, while he was describing the violence of his passion to her. It was in vain that he endeavoured to develope the cause.

Despairing

Despairing of being beloved, he resolved to put an end to their mutual trouble. He ran into the apartment of Fatima, to acquaint her with a piece of news which was to decide both their fates.

„Amiable Fatima,“ said he, „I am come to make a sacrifice to you proportionable to the greatness of my passion: — I am come to give you your liberty. I have been treating with a French captain, who sets sail to morrow — he will take you on board, and conduct you to your own country, loaded with my benefactions. Remember, if you can, a lover, whom you have rendered the most wretched creature on earth. Depart as soon as you can; I do not know how long my resolution may hold out against the passion I have for you. Heavens! — I wish you may not forget a man whom your coldness consigns to the grave“. — —

Fatima changed colour — her astonishment was equal to the generosity of Osman. He read in her eyes all the gratitude

gratitude that was due to his condescension — but he could not discover any rapture for the liberty which he offered her. — He was at a loss to conciliate these sentiments — when Fatima cast herself at his feet, and poured from her bosom all that gratitude inspired. Osman endeavoured to raise her „No generous Osman,” said she, „this attitude becomes my wretchedness, and is what you have a right to. I do not accept the liberty which you have proffered me. What will it avail me? I conjure you to keep me here; to treat me as your slave, to behave to me with indifference, and if you can, to treat me with all the severity of a master.”

The entreaties of Fatima plunged Osman again into a delicious illusion. Fatima perceived it, and endeavoured to deliver him from it. She now recognized the greatness of his virtue, and adventured to discover herself to him. She discovered to him a friendship which could stand the test of time, and any other obstacles; and
when

when she had prepared him to listen to her with patience, she informed him that she was married; and that her husband was a slave at Constantinople. She described their mutual affection for each other; told him that it was impossible for her to leave a place where her husband groaned under his chains, and conjured him to bring them together once more.

Osman turned pale and stood in need of all his intrepidity to support so unexpected a shock. He cast a look upon Fatima; her eyes, which glistened with tears, her paleness, affected him. He promised her to obtain the liberty of Dorimont; for he found that Fatima's husband was named so.

„Osman,“ said she to him, „I do not imagine that I can steal from the power you have over me; I will not accept of the liberty which you offer me, and beg nothing more, than that I and my husband may serve you to the extent of our powers.“

„You forget, madam, that your affection for your husband cannot but be

a torture to me. You know not what sacrifice I make to restore you to him — a sacrifice which will not end but with my life! Be this as it may — yet, madam you shall be satisfied, let it cost me what it will. I promise you to bring your husband to you, but condescend so far as to assure me that next to him, I shall have a place in a heart which is repugnant to my wishes.

One look from Fatima, and the hand which she stretched out towards him, assured him of her acquiescence in his proposal.

From that moment he enquired after Dorimont's master. He indulged Fatima with absolute liberty — granted her a separate apartment, slaves, and every thing that could make her situation agreeable. Their conversations turned only upon Dorimont. They soon connected a very close intimacy. But these honours — this agreeable mode of living, did not prevent the unhappy Fatima from falling into a profound melancholy.

melancholy. Osman, in order to recover her, introduced his friends to her. Ergastus was one of the principal. Not satisfied with these attentions, he endeavoured to dissipate the apprehensions of his mistress by a new connection. Selima was the person whom he chose to supplant her, if that term might be allowed. Osman had discovered that Fatima's husband was about fifty miles from Constantinople. He commissioned one of his favourite eunuchs to treat about his ransom; but with the greatest secrecy. Every thing seemed to bid fair for the happiness of Fatima. How deceitful are appearances! The crisis was approaching, when vice, under the mask of virtue, was machinating her destruction.

Young Ergastus soon got acquainted with Fatima. She soon trusted him with her secrets. The girl was handsome; her distresses gave him such an appearance of sympathy as the young Frenchman could not withstand. He was in love with her face, saw all the difficulties to which

which an eclaircissement was subjected — but too much enamoured to give up his designs, he thought that time and patience would surmount all the difficulties he was to encounter with. Opportunity facilitated his designs — however pernicious.

Osman being prevented by business from seeing madam Dorimont as often as he used, a coldness gradually succeeded in the place of the attachment he had for her. She durst not complain; but she afflicted herself on that account; apprehending, that the death of her husband was the occasion of it. His coldness was carried so far that she could not help taking notice of it. He vindicated himself in a dissembled confusion, and like one who is afraid to say too much. She asked him if he had received any intelligence of her husband — and an ambiguous answer encreased her suspicions. Ergastus entered a little while afterwards. „Rejoice, madam!“ said he, „heaven heard your prayers: your husband is still living: you
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will see him again in a short time. In a few days the happy man will be restored to your arms."

This news, though announced with an air of confidence, was so incompatible with the confusion of Osman, that Fatima durst not give herself up to joy. She communicated her inquietude to Ergastus: at that moment he resolved to take advantage of her situation. He told her, that Osman behaved in the same manner to him; but that a letter which he found had fully informed him of the fate of her husband. They were in doubt about the reason which made Osman keep it secret; however, they agreed to be silent themselves, and that Ergastus should endeavour to investigate the motive of Osman's being so. Madam Dormont waited impatiently for the effect of the undertaking of the young Frenchman. He returned soon, and brought her the letter he had mentioned to her. She perused it, and was in raptures. Ergastus interrupted her in the middle of her transports, and

and made her suspect the virtue of Osman. A variety of circumstances, which she recollected, convinced her that Osman had still an affection to her. She remembered the promise which he had exacted of her. It made her shudder. Ergastus heightened her fears. „If Osman be perfidious,” said he, „your husband is not safe, and you yourself will become the price of his freedom. Confide in my zeal for your service; my heart is interested in the repose of yours, and will rescue you from the hands of this barbarian. I will go farther: I will save your husband, and will make you happy, though I should perish in the attempt.” He went from her, leaving her in a situation which may easily be conceived.

Some days passed without Fatima’s seeing her confident. She did not enjoy a moment’s peace. The danger of her husband and herself, and the perfidy of Osman, conspired to pierce her to the heart. He paid her a visit; she endeavoured to affect him, and entreated him to suffer her

to partake with her husband in his slavery. He answered very briskly that he never could consent to it; but he hoped, in time, to assuage her grief. Ergastus surprised them together, and informed her by some signs, that he had something important to communicate to her. Osman took leave: and Fatima conjured Ergastus to conceal nothing from her. „Ah madam, said he sighing, what is it you ask me? Can I reveal to you the barbarity of a man that was dear to both of us? — It shall be so — I obey you.“

„Know then, unhappy woman, that Osman has procured your husband his liberty; but his intention is not to restore him to you.“

„The barbarian! — what does he design to do with him? cried Fatima interrupting him.“

„Azor, the favourite of Osman, has received orders to go to meet M. Dorimont, and to sacrifice him to the affection which his master has conceived for you. I have

gai-

gained over the youth, who has promised me to conduct your husband to Brissa, a small village near Constantinople. You have nothing more to do but to follow me; you are not guarded. Osman does not know that I have discovered his designs. Let us depart — but let us depart without delay; a moment, a single moment, may ruin us for ever.“

Fatima after indulging her tears for some time, consented to the elopement, which she thought so necessary. She quitted Osman's house, conducted by Ergastus, and attended by a young lady, a native of France, with whom she had contracted an intimate friendship. They disguised themselves, and took all the precautions possible to prevent their being discovered. Every thing seemed easy to Fatima. What would she not have done to meet with a husband whom she adored, and to deliver herself from the cruelties of a barbarian, who had abused her so long? They travelled night and day, and reached Brissa

in three days. What emotions did Fatima feel when she beheld the place which served as an asylum for her husband? she burnt to rush into his arms. Vain hope! Fortune reserved a disappointment for her, which was to end only with her life. Some melancholy presages seized upon her, and disturbed her repose. She could not stay any longer in the village; she importuned Ergastus to go to meet M. Dorimont; he consented, and they all set out together. A noise of horsemen forced them to retire into a very thick wood. „Heavens! cried Fatima; that is Osman.“ They soon lost sight of him, and thought of nothing but continuing their research. The night coming on they were forced to stop on a hill, which commanded a prospect of a very large plain. The moon was so bright that they were afraid of being discovered, on which account they hid themselves in a thicket.

They were scarcely settled when they discovered a troop of horse. Their fear increased, when they distinguished Osman among

among them. They heard him threaten Fatima and Ergastus. He alighted from his horse, and ordered a prisoner to be brought to him, whom he loaded with the bitterest reproaches. Fatima and the young lady from France shuddered. Osman at last went farther from them; which revived the ladies a little: they followed him with their eyes, and saw him stop in the plain. The unfortunate wretch, who followed him, prostrated himself at his feet. The distance prevented them from hearing what he said. But his humility, and his pathetic attitude, informed them that his life was in danger.

„Tis my husband!“ cried Fatima. As soon as she had said so, forgetting herself, she fled with an intention of casting herself at Osman's feet. She had not trod many steps, before she saw the savage draw his cymetar and strike off the prisoner's head. Fatima fainted at the sight.

Ergastus was in an embarrassment that almost distracted him. He was apprehensive

that Osman would discover him, which prevented him from assisting Madam Dorimont. Osman went on, after he had ordered his men to cover the body of the man, whom he had sacrificed to his rage, with earth. Ergastus with the assistance of the young French lady, restored Fatima to her senses. She complained of their attentions as cruelties, and walked to the place, where her husband was, as she thought, bedewed the earth with her tears, and adjured Ergastus to leave her there to bewail her husband, and execrate the perfidious Osman and herself. Ergastus represented to her the danger she would expose herself to, in staying on that spot, and protested that he never would desert her. The apprehension of endangering the life of her friend, and that of the young lady, who accompanied her, made her determine to follow them. They quitted the melancholy spot, and went to Constantinople. Ergastus lodged the ladies in the house of the French ambassador, with whom he
was

was acquainted, and went to enquire after a vessel to carry them to France.

Fatima, being entirely abandonned to grief, took no notice of the kindneses which Ergastus shewed her. She thought him generous, and with that persuasion, had consented to return to France with him, though she was well assured that her grief would attend her every where. The day on which they were to go on board being arrived, they went to the port, and were terrified with the sight of Osman. They hid themselves, and returned to the ambassador's, dejected with the rencounter.

Fatima retired to her apartment, where she gave a loose to her grief. She heard somebody knock at the door, and opened it, thinking that Ergastus might have been there, — but heavens! How great was her fright, when she beheld Osman there? Osman, the assassin of her husband, and her own persecutor! She covered her face with her hands to avoid the sight of the supposed traitor. Osman approached towards her;

his eyes examined her with disdain; some tears gushed from her, which he would have caught, but she would not permit him.

„My presence astonishes you, Madam, said he, with an angry tone, I foresaw it plainly — but virtue, friendship —“

This beginning excited Fatima's anger.

„Tyrant! cried she, how darest thou appear in my presence! Dost thou mention the sacred names of virtue, friendship — Pull off thy mask; I am acquainted with all thy crimes. Finish them. May thy hand, that cruel hand, which has robbed my husband of his life, put an end to mine. That will be the only kindness I ever received from thee. I despise thy threats and thy tortures; there are none which I would not prefer to the horrors of seeing thee!“

Osman turned pale, was humbled, and heard her with down-cast eyes, without being able to interrupt her. Fatima eyed him, and thought his confusion was a proof
of

of his guilt. She said every thing to him that rage and despair could suggest.

Osman being at length recovered from his confusion, entreated her to hear him in his turn.

„I came, said he, to reproach you; instead of which, I am loaded with reproaches by you. You accuse me of being the cause of your husband's death, when it was you alone, that hurried him to the grave by your own infidelity. How could you suffer yourself to be so far seduced, as to quit the house of a friend, and to elope from a husband who seemed to be so dear to you? I saw you yesterday at the port. I knew you was to go on board. The regard I have for your husband would not suffer me to connive at your flight. I come contrary to his consent. I am come to try to bring you to yourself. The manner in which you have received me astonished me so that I had not power to interrupt you. Ah Fatima, Fatima! you make a very bad return to my kindness!

I know your heart, madam, it was once noble, but now it is very much altered."

It would be difficult to describe the confusion of madam Dorimont — Her husband still alive!

Osman virtuous

Herself only in fault.

Things which she wished for, but could not hope.

"Traitor," replied she, "thou cannot deceive me. I saw him fall by thy hand."

"He is still alive, madam, and would be inexpressibly happy, if his wife had continued faithful. Come and see the effects of your cruelty."

Fatima trembling and uncertain, forgot all that was passed, and prepared to follow Osman. The desire of seeing M. Dorimont again, obliterated every other idea. Osman neglected nothing that could recover her confidence; and prevailed on her to develop this mystery, and inform him of what had passed between her and Ergastus,

Ergastus, which she did with the greatest ingennoufness.

„You restore me to life —“ said he,
 „I have no longer any suspicions of your innocence. Ergastus is a traitor, and has betrayed us both. I protest that from the moment you discovered your circumstances to me, I entertained no other thought but that of sacrificing my passion, and of promoting your happiness. I do not inform you what this victory has cost me; but I have at length obtained it. My greatest pleasure was to restore your husband to you, without previously acquainting you of my design. I told the minutes, and I longed for that in which I could behold with delight your tears, and that sweet, affecting confusion, which constitutes the happiness of those who have the tender feelings. I had communicated my design to Ergastus; I thought him my friend: he has made use of my kindnesses to plunge the dagger deeper into my heart. A letter which I received, informed me
 that

that you was gone off with Ergastus — The traitor wrote it to me himself. Furious and desperate I fled the way you had taken. I overtook Azor. He was alone. I forced him to confess his guilt. He was to have gone to your husband, to have inspired him with jealousy, and promise that if he would trust himself to him, he would procure him safety. M. Dorimont listened to the traitorous wretch, gave himself up to his guidance, and returned by another road. Azor sold him to some merchants whom he met with. I had the happiness of meeting with him. I delivered him; and avenged him by putting my slave to death.

Madam Dorimont was affected with Osman's narrative. The air of truth which accompanied his words, the probity which she had experienced, would not suffer her to question the truth of what he had said. — When she came to Osman's house, she was introduced into a private and dark apartment, which, in spite of her, made her uneasy.

„I have you now safe, madam“, said he, „you cannot run away any more.“

These words increased her terror. Osman led her into a little room, where the first object that attracted her eyes, was M. Dorimont, pale, languid, and almost without any signs of life. She rushed into his arms, and pressed him to her bosom. But what must she have felt, when she found him push her away from him, and when she heard him pray Osman to deliver him from that odious woman. She could not support this, but looking at Osman, fell down in a fit. While they were engaged in recovering her, the generous Turk undeceived M. Dorimont: his own evidence, joined to that of the French lady, dried up the tears of the prejudiced husband. He shuddered at the condition to which his injustice had reduced Fatima; and notwithstanding his weakness, made one with those who assisted her. When they had recovered her, she opened her eyes, and saw herself in the arms of her husband. They both gave

gave themselves up to the transports of the most lively joy. Osman looked at them in silence, with his face bathed in tears; but his tears were full of pleasure, as they proceeded from the purest delight.

M. Dorimont recovered. The elopement of his wife had reduced him to the brink of the grave: her return, her innocence, and her caresses, restored him to life. Osman, always generous, loaded them with presents, and intreated them to stay a week or two longer, as he intended to accompany them to France that he might see them out of danger. While love and friendship procured them a variety of pleasures, Ergastus, whom Osman did not choose to punish, was machinating greater evils for them than they had escaped from.

The traitor, enraged on being prevented to carry Fatima off, introduced himself to the vizir, by calumnies which none but himself could invent, and instigated him to destroy Osman. The preparations which were making for the departure of that generous

nerous man, could not be so secret, as to escape the notice of the vizir. He obtained an order for the strangling of Osman.

One day when he was walking with Fatima, and they were vowing an eternal friendship, a letter was brought to Osman — He perused it, grew pale, and turning himself to Fatima — „Ah madam, we are ruined! Ergastus revenges himself cruelly. The grand vizir is my ennemy; he knows it; they have sworn to ruin both me and you. I am accused of high treason. The grand vizir will be here in a moment. My misfortunes have arrived at their highest pitch.“ Osman left Fatima to express her sorrow by shrieks and tears, and sent his jewels to M. Dorimont, who was detained by business at Constantinople. „Be under no apprehensions for your wife,“ said he in his letter, „I know how to defend her honour.“ He endeavoured to save Fatima, but the grand vizir did not give him time.

The barbarian cast his eyes upon her, liked her, and ordered her to be conducted

to his feraglio. He made her some compliments which she did not listen to — and then gave signals to the mutes to seize upon Osman. The latter, seeing there was no room for hope, begged the favour of speaking to Fatima. He was not refused — and the guards retired. Osman approached, folded her in his arms, gave her a kiss, and drawing out his dagger, „Tis thus,“ said he, „that I protect innocence and virtue,“ and immediately plunged the weapon into her bosom. The unhappy Fatima fell into the arms of her assassin, whom she covered with her blood; her dying eyes thanked him; she gazed at him, took him by the hand, and expired.

Osman presented his neck to the mutes, who executed the vizir's orders. He died hated by his countrymen, because he ridiculed their prejudices, and endeavoured to cure them. His friends blamed him, and called him a barbarian; and M. Dorimont, who possessed his richest effects, was one of the first to depreciate his memory.

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He was insensible to every thing but the death of his wife, without considering the circumstance which occasioned it. This was the manner in which Osman was rewarded for the good he had done, and the virtue he had constantly practised during his life time. But Ergastus, the infamous author of all these mischiefs, did not escape that remorse which pursues guilt; his horrible perfidy was discovered; a new vizir soon rendered justice to virtue, by honouring the memory of the generous Osman, by bewailing the unhappy Fatima, and by punishing Ergastus for his crimes.

II.

*A fathers reflections on the death
of his child, an infant, who died of
the small-pox.*

The dear delights we here enjoy, and fondly
call our own

Are but short favours borrowed now, to be
repaid anon.

It is gone! ah! see the dear, dear fruit of
the nuptial bed, cropt in the bud. The dire
infection, that spread with rapid course
through the whole village, and brought
many to the dreary tomb, too soon seized
its tender vitals. The lovely cheek reddens
with a fervent glow; and the death-boding
spots, thick as the pearly drops of morn,
disseminate the infant face. The, tender
mother's heart throbs with forboding grief,
while tears gushing from their crystal
fountains, bedew the in-cradled babe, fol-
ded in the arms of unrelenting death. The
spotless

spotless spirit, flown for ever into the regions of eternity, has consigned its little residence of clay, to the mouldering mansions of the silent grave. No more soft coos, and heart-endearing smiles, will fill with joy the gladden'd parents hearts. All now is changed to dreadful moans, and silent signs of woe. All human efforts fail. The elaborate pulse seems weary of its function, and labours to complete the destined number. Behold once more, that dear heart-rending sight, the dear, dear object of the parents future hopes and wishes, before the grave closes, and for ever hides it from the sight of mortals. See how the breathless corps lies distended, cold and motionless; while paleness gathers on their cheeks, and brooding sorrow, drest in the blackest robe of mourning, sits weeping on their brows.

But peace, my throbbing heart! let each deep sigh — each black desponding thought, be given to the winds. Our Maker has launched the dreadful shaft, and duty

commands us to bear the loss in silence. What has he taken from us but his own? Let us then submit with patience, and only say his will be done. The great Redeemer of fallen men suffered the bitter pangs of the most cruel and ignominious death, to save contaminated mortals from the awful sentence of eternal justice: and surely to his unequalled mercy we may with more than hope commit the nobler part of mortal life. Yes! dearest infant, we will attend thee to thy grave, and there, thou lovely offspring, leave thy dear remains intombed, till the great archangels call, whose trumpet shall wake thy slumbering dust to meet thy Saviour, drest in the robes of heaven; when he shall come with thousand thousand saints, enthroned with glory: then, ah, then may we meet again with joy, and together enter the magnificent palace of the great Jehovah.

There from the bosom of my God
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;

There

There would I fix my last abode
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

12.

*Account of a man that has kept his
bed eight and twenty years, to
keep himself warm.*

I walked the other day to the Crown at Burcort, seven miles from hence, where Mr. Tallis is to be seen. Just as I came there, the people of the house were sitting down to dinner. So I dined there very heartily, as I thought; but they sent up to him a plate to the amount of as much again as I eat, and the old fellow cleared it. After dinner, I sent up to him my compliments, desiring to know if he chose to see company, and was answered in the affirmative. Upon which his maid, with a candle in her hand, conducted me up

stairs into a pretty large room, which receives no day - light but through one small window, which is all darkened, but three panes of the thickest glass that could be had, the old man having, it seems, experienced that thin glass is too easily perviated by the air. The girl, drawing his curtains back, set the candle down by the bed-side, and retired to the end of the room, leaving me looking about for his face, which was quite lost in his enormous night cap, and I might have been puzzled some time longer in finding it, had not himself directed me to it by very civilly asking me how I did. I was extremely surprized with his chearful manner of talking, and the liveliness of his countenance, in both which he is equal to most men of his age (72) whereas I expected to have found him scarcely alive. But he is really as hearty as any old man I know, and looks as - well, bating that he has no colour on his cheeks. Add to this, he talks very sensibly. I talked
with

with him above 15. minutes on several subjects; and he gave very pertinent answers to all the questions I asked him; and asked me several about his nephew Tallis whom I knew at Lutterworth; in none of which did he betray the least symptom of any intellectual disorder. His night - cap consists of the following particulars: next his precious scull is a cap made of two yards of flannel doubled and quilted, over which he has eight more of the same sort amounting to eighteen yards. Over these he has two linnen ones of the like quantity being four yards more. Next comes what he calls his crown, which is forty yards of flannel, and to crown his crown he has ten single linnen caps and as many flannel; so that the full contents of his night-cap are 84. yards; and it is, including his head, as large as a large bee-hive. Upon his breast lay a piece of flannel strained upon a light square wooden frame, like a picture - frame; this he lays over his face when he is going to sleep. He has two

stoppers of cork fitted to his nostrils, but these he uses only in the winter; and it is remarkable, that, though he takes so much pains to keep himself warm in bed, he will never, in the coldest season, suffer a fire in his room. His shirts are lined with flannel and quilted; but I was so taken up with his night-cap, that I never enquired how many shirts he wears, nor how many dozen of blankets are upon his bed. He eats, as I observed before, very heartily, and drinks heartily wine or ale; and purges thrice in a week, which is, no doubt, of great service to him. When he has occasion to do that which none of us can by proxy, he raises himself into a sitting posture, notwithstanding that load of night-cap. When they make his bed he turns from one side to the other, and is never moved out of it but once a year, when they draw another bed close to the side of that in which he lies, and he tumbles, or is tumbled into it. It seems his sweat rots a bed through in a year's time. He also changes his night-cap
 once

once a year. Last year, when he shifted his bed, he made an attempt to stand up-right, which he had not done for twenty years; and he did it so as to convince the bystanders, that if he would persevere in repeating that attempt, he might probably regain the use of his legs, to which he had been so long a stranger. Before I went up to him, I was forbid to ask him any questions about his reasons for his manner of life; for all the answer he gives to any inquisitive stranger is, that he would not do so if he could help it. And, besides, he is apt to be angry; so that all I could gather of the cause was from the woman of the house, who was several years his house-keeper at Solibull, and when she married, and came to keep an inn at Burcort, about eleven years since, he followed her in his bed in a close covered waggon, and will probably stay there till he is released from this cold country.

Here follows his own account of what confines him to his bed, as he has several
times

times given it from under his night - cap to the said woman. In his father's lifetime, he, being the eldest son, had the care of the farm, and having observed that their fences were frequently stolen in the night-time, he determined to watch, in order to discover the thief, which proved to be an old woman, whom he very well knew. She had made up a good burden of sticks, and was going off with them, when he called to her to lay them down. She accordingly did, and falling on her knees, with lifted hands, prayed that he might never more be warm, nor ever know the warmth of a fire. Immediately upon which he began to feel himself chill, and has been growing colder and colder ever since. He began first with two shirts, then three, and so on, doubling and trebling coats, waistcoats etc. till at last he was unable to drag them about, and was therefore obliged to take to his bed. I observed before, that he will suffer no fire in his room, very likely through a firm persuasion that

that the old woman's prayer was granted, and that it would be wicked in him to endeavour, by any means to avoid the force of it. By the way it must be observed, that he did not go to bed till twenty years after the encounter with the old woman.

13.

On the behaviour to servants.

Without entering into an argument whether subordination is necessary to the harmony of society, I shall take it for granted that such conditions are admitted, and shall set out upon that principle.

In every state existing, mankind must necessarily obey a superior power. The admiral who commands a fleet, is subordinate to those in higher power; and even the latter must be obedient to greater authority. This is a chain, whose links extend from
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the peasant to the sovereign, who sees nothing above himself but the laws.

If this gradation is universally admitted by us, we ought never to make an ill use of our superiority to those whom fate has rendered our inferiors.

The wretch who engages himself in our service, and who for a very moderate advantage is not ashamed to perform the most servile offices; nay, who submits to execute all our commands, though often governed by caprice, is a link of this great chain. He is indeed our equal, and composed of the same flesh and blood. Chance only has placed him in that humble station, and poverty is not a crime that deserves punishment.

When fortune raises us above the rest of mankind, it is with a view that we should do every thing in our power to soften the rigour of their condition.

A vain and ostentatious master, who, without having any regard to the laws or feelings of humanity, wantonly insults his domestics,

domestics, and adds to the weight of servitude, is a barbarian, born only to be a curse upon the earth. He is a most despicable being; a brute that deserves not to be classed amongst mankind.

But the compassionate and human master commiserates the situation of his servants, and seeks every opportunity to lighten their load of servitude; he not only considers himself as their master, but that he ought also to be their benefactor. He regards them as his children, and they consider him as their father: they are entirely attached to him and his interest; they are faithful friends, on whom he may always rely. Such a master is adored by his family. On the contrary, the other is a monster who is abhorred and detested. The curses of mankind are heaped upon him, and he is continually surrounded with enemies, who are a spy upon all his actions; who gladly publish all his vices and follies, and who rejoice at his misfortunes.

This

This is an age in which some people imagine themselves made of a different mould from that of the common people. They imagine that every thing beneath them is formed only for their use and convenience; and they think it requisite, in order to support their consequence, to affect a peremptory and harsh tone of voice. When accustomed to see an imperious parent behave to her servants like so many slaves, the children insensibly catch the same disposition, and follow their example.

But though this conduct is injurious to humanity, the contrary excess may, notwithstanding, expose us to many inconveniencies.

It is very seldom that a servant has judgment sufficient to set a just estimate on the humanity and generosity of the master. Without education, or any other principles than those of nature, they sometimes look upon the kindnesses they receive from us, as a just tribute due to their services, and often think they are not sufficiently rewarded.

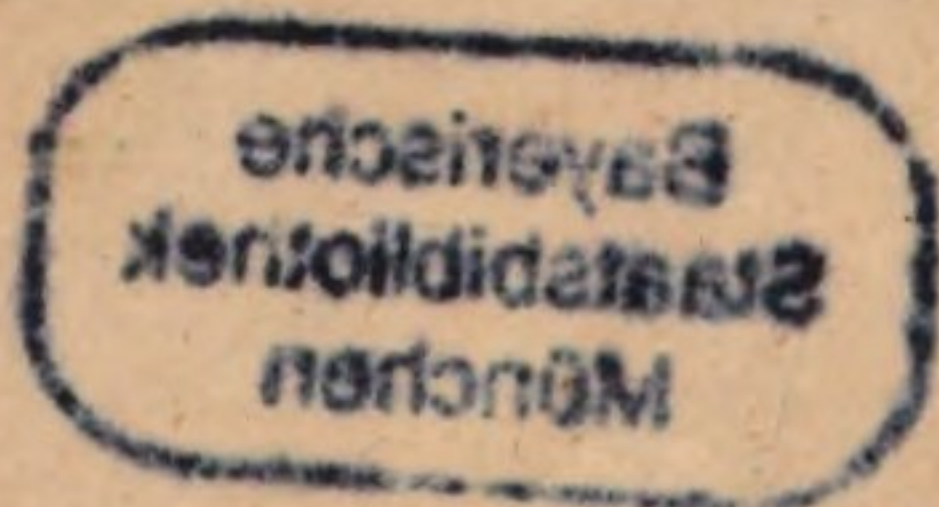
rewarded. This conduct, it must be confessed, generally arises from our permitting them too great liberties.

Every man is, in some degree, indiscreet; he often requires a confidant, and does not consider at what price he obtains one: a domestic is frequently fixed on as proper for that office, and in his breast are deposited the most interesting secrets. By making him a party in every fortunate and unfortunate event which happens to us, we see and admire his sensibility. If we converse together concerning a complaint against a parent or a friend, we are flattered at his partaking of our resentment. At length this confidant, who in most cases is governed entirely by interest, by applauding our whims and passions, becomes master of all our actions, and governs us at pleasure. Presently we are to see nothing, but, as it were, through his eyes, and must not presume to admit a person into our presence, that has not
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the happiness to be agreeable to this favourite. His will is our warrant, that must direct all our actions, and regulate all our proceedings. And whenever we want to shake off this yoke, we have it not in our power, for fear of having our secrets divulged to the world; we become so much accustomed to this kind of dependance upon a servant, that we dare not even attempt to break our chains.

It is morally impossible for a man to observe an exact equilibrium in his actions, it is nevertheless in a proper medium that he must expect to find the greatest satisfaction.

To repose a blind confidence in a servant, is to make him a dangerous master. And on the other hand, to insult him cruelly with our superiority, is brutality. These two extremes ought equally to be avoided.



14.

*Love rewarded a Spanish Tale
grounded on fact.*

The plains in which Lima, the capital of Peru, is built, are the most beautiful in the world; they are of a vast extent, reaching from the foot of the Andes or Cordellier-mountains, to the sea; and are covered with groves of orange-trees and citrons; watered by many streams: one of the principal among which, washing the walls of Lima, falls into the Ocean at Calloa, which latter place is the scene of the following story.

To this city, Don Iwan de Mendoza, yet an infant, had come over with his father from Old Spain. The father having borne many high offices in Peru, died much esteemed, and honoured, rather than rich. The young gentleman had in early youth conceived a very violent passion for Donna Cornelia de Perez, daughter to a

wealthy merchant, who dwelt in the city of Calloa, at that time the best port in the western world.

But though the young Lady, who was reputed the most accomplished person in the Indies, returned his affection, he met with an insuperable difficulty in the avarice and inflexibility of the father; who preferring wealth to every other consideration, absolutely refused his consent. And at length, the unfortunate lover saw himself under the necessity of returning to his native country, the most miserable of all beings, torn away for ever from all that he held dear.

He is now on board in the port of Calloa, the ship ready to sail for Spain; the wind fair; the crew all employed; the passengers rejoicing in the expectation of seeing once more the place of their nativity. Amidst the shouts and acclamations, with which the whole bay resounded, Mendoza sat upon deck, overwhelmed with sorrow, beholding
those

those walls in which he had left the only person, who could have made him happy. A thousand tender, a thousand melancholy thoughts possessed his mind.

In the mean time, the serenity of the sky is disturbed; sudden flashes of lightning dart across, which encreasing, fill the whole air with flame. A noise is heard from the bowels of the earth, at first low and rumbling, but growing louder, and soon exceeding the roaring of the most violent thunder. This was instantly followed by a trembling of the earth; the first shocks were of short continuance, but in a few moments, they became quicker, and of longer duration. The sea seemed to be thrown up into the sky, the arch of heaven to bend downwards. The cordeliers, the highest mountains of the earth, shook to their foundation, and bursting open with a sound, that appeared to portend a total dissolution of nature, deluged the subject plains with fire, and threw rocks of

immense magnitude into the air. The houses, arsenal, and churches of Calloa tottered from side to side, and at length tumbled upon the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

Those who had not perished in this manner, you might see of every age and sex, rushing into the streets and public roads. But even there was no safety; the whole earth was in motion; nor was the ocean less disturbed. The ships in the harbour were, some of them torn from their anchors, some of them swallowed up by the waves, some dashed on the rocks, many thrown several miles up into the land. The whole city of Calloa, late so flourishing, filled with half the wealth of the Indies, disappeared, being partly ingulphed, partly carried away in explosion by minerals bursting from the entrails of the earth. Vast quantities of spoils, of furniture, and precious goods, were afterwards taken up floating some leagues off at sea.

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In the midst of this astonishing confusion, Mendoza was perhaps the only person unconcerned for himself. He beheld the whole tremendous scene from the deck of his ship, which was one of the few that rode out the tempest, frightened only for the destruction falling on his beloved Cornelia. And he mourned her fate as unavoidable, little rejoicing at his own safety, since life was now become a burden.

But, after the space of an hour, this terrible hurricane ended; earth regained her stability, the sky its calmness. He then beholds close by the stern of his ship one in the dress of a female floating upon an olive-tree, to a bow of which she clung. He was touched with compassion, he hastened to her relief: he finds her yet breathing, and raising her up, how unspeakable was his astonishment, when he beheld in his arms his beloved, his lamented Cornelia! The manner of whose miraculous escape is thus recorded.

In this wreck of 'nature, in which the elements of earth and water changed their places, fishes were born up into the midland, and trees and houses, and men, into the deep, It happened that the fair Cornelia was hurried into the sea, together with the tree, to which in the beginning of the commotion she had clung, and was thrown up by the side of that very ship, which contained her faithful Mendoza. I cannot paint to you the emotions of his mind, the joy, the amazement, the gratitude, the tendernefs — Words cannot exprefs them. The wind being fair, Mendoza hastened to bear with him to his native Spain his inestimable prize; he returned no less justly triumphant, than did formerly the illustrious Cortez, loaded with the spoils of Montezuma, the treasures of a newly discovered world.

15.

*The desire of life considered and
why it encreases with age.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyments of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers, which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing as our years encrease, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continual existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable. If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that, which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me, that those I have felt

are stronger, than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty, and like a losing gamester, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period, when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? The final cause is obvious. Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil. Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him
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with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us encreases in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; from hence proceed the attachments of the old to every kind of possession. They love the world, and all that it produces; they love life, and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have renoun it long.

Chinwang the Chaste ascending the throne of China, commanded, that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came
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to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: „Great Father of China, behold a wretch now eighty - five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty - two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendor of that sun, to which You have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead and forgotten. Permit me then, o Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days

days where my youth was passed, and from whence You were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to ours for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance, the companion as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing, his company pleases, yet still he is but little regarded. To us who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; destitute of every agreement, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and

and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master; life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle, he tried every enjoyment, and found it grow weaker at every repetition; if life be in youth so displeasing, cried he to himself, what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable! This thought embittered every reflection, till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without

without shrinking, he would have boldly dared to live, and would have served that society which he injured by his desertion.

16.

A Journey to the top of the Pike of Teneriffa — From Mr. Glas's History of the Discovery and Conquest of the Canary Islands.

In the beginning of the month of Sept. 1761, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I set out on horse-back, in company with a master of a ship, from port Orotava, to visit the Pike. We had with us a servant, a muleteer, and a guide: after ascending about six miles, we arrived, towards sunset, at the most distant habitation from the sea, this way, which was in a hollow.

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Here we found an aqueduct of open troughs or ^{Robson} spouts, that convey water down from the head of the hollow. Here our servants watered the cattle, and filled some small barrels with water, to serve us on our expedition. While they were thus employed, we alighted, and walked into the hollow, which we found to be very pleasant, abounding with many trees that sent forth an odoriferous smell. Near the houses are some fields of maize or Indian corn: in several places on this side of the island, the natives have two crops of this grain. Mounting again, we travelled for some time on a steep road, and got into the woods and the clouds just as it grew dark; we could not well miss our way, the road being bounded on both sides with trees or bushes, which were chiefly laurel, savine, and bresos or brush-wood: having travelled about a mile, we came to the upper edge of the wood above the clouds, where we alighted, made a fire and supped; some time after

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after we lay down to sleep under the bushes. About half an hour after ten, the moon shining bright, we mounted again, and travelled slowly two hours, through an excessive bad road, resembling ruins of stone buildings scattered over the fields. After we got out of this road, we came upon some small light white pumice-stone like peas. Here we rode at a pretty good pace for near an hour. The air now began to be very sharp, cold and piercing, and the wind blew strong about South-west or West-south-west. Our guide advised us to alight here, as it was a convenient place, and rest till four or five in the morning. We followed his counsel, and entered into a cave, the mouth of which was built up to about a man's height, to prevent the wind and cold from getting in. Near this place we were so lucky as to find some dry withered retamas, which was the only shrub or vegetable we saw hereabout; with these we made a great fire to warm
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ourselves, and then fell asleep; but were soon awaked by an itching of the skin, which we imagined proceeded from fleas, but was owing to the cold thin air, want of rest, and sleeping in our cloaths; a thing I have known to happen to people on such expeditions. We passed away the time here as well as we could; but while we crept so near the fire, that one side was almost scorched, the other was benumbed with cold.

About five in the morning we mounted again, and travelled slowly about a mile, for the road here was rather too steep for travelling on horseback, and our horses were now fatigued. At last we came among some great loose rocks, where was a sort of cottage built of loose stones: the name of this place our guide told us was Estancia de los Ingleses (the English pitching place) so called I imagine, from some English people resting there on their way to visit the Pike, for none go that journey but foreigners, and some poor people

people of the island, who earn their bread by gathering brimstone; the Spanish gentry having no curiosity of this kind. Here we alighted again, the remainder of our way being too steep for riding, and left one of our servants to look after the cattle, and then proceeded on our journey a foot. We walked hard to get ourselves a heat, but we were soon fatigued by the steepness of the road, which was also loose and sandy. When we got to the top of this rising, or hill, we came to a vast number of loose great stones, whose surface was flat: each of these stones or rocks was, on a medium, about ten feet every way. This road was not so steep as the other, but we were obliged to travel a considerable way over the rocks, leaping from one to another, for they were not all quite close to each other. Among these is a cavern, where is a well, or natural reservoir, into which we descended by a ladder, which the poor people placed there for that purpose. This cavern is spacious

within, being almost ten yards wide, and twenty in height: all the bottom of it, except just at the feet of the ladder, is covered with water, which is about two fathoms deep, and was then frozen towards the inner edge of the cave: we attempted to drink of this water, but could not, by reason of its excessive coldness; however, our guide filled a bottle, which he had purposely brought from the Estancia.

After travelling about a quarter, or half a mile, upon the great stones or rocks, we came to the bottom of the real Pike, or sugar-loaf, which is very steep, and to add to the difficulty of ascending, the ground is loose and gives way under the feet, and consequently extremely fatiguing; for although the length of this eminence is not above half a mile, yet we were obliged to stop and take breath, I believe, thirty times; at last we got to the top, where we lay about a quarter of an hour, to rest ourselves, being quite spent with fatigue. When we left the Estancia
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in the morning, the sun was just emerging from the clouds, which were spread out under us at a great distance downwards, appearing like the Ocean. Above the clouds, at a vast distance to the north, we saw something black, which we imagined to be the top of the Island of Madeira. We took the bearings of it by a pocket compass, and found it to be exactly in the direction of that island from Teneriffe; but before we got to the top of the Pike, it disappeared. We saw from hence the tops of the islands Palma, Gomera, Hierro, and Gran Canaria; they seemed to be quite near, but we could neither perceive Lancerota or Fuertaventura, because they are not high enough to pierce the clouds. Unfortunately we did not find the air quite clear, and free from clouds, otherwise I know not but we might have seen Madeira, Porto Santo, and even the nearest part of mount Atlas, which is about an hundred leagues distant from hence; for although I said before, that viewing the Pike from

the Ocean, it could be distinguished from the sky no farther off than an hundred and fifty, or an hundred and sixty miles; yet it must be observed that the air above the clouds is by far thinner, more pure, and freer from vapours than the air below; for before we came to the Estancia de los Ingleses, we observed the moon and stars to shine with uncommon brightness; besides, the spherical figure of the earth could not prevent our seeing Mount Atlas, because its summit, and that of Teneriffe, by reason of their immense height, although so far asunder, would yet be far exalted above the horizon. But whether or not vision extends so far as what I am now hinting, I leave to others to determine.

After we had rested some time, we began to look about and observe the top of the Pike. Its demensions seemed to be exactly as described by one Mr. Edens; he says the length is about an hundred and forty yards, the breadth an hundred and ten. It is hollow, and shaped within
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like a bell subverted. From the edges, or upper-part of this bell, or cauldron, as the natives call it, to the bottom, is about forty yards. In many parts of this hollow we observed smoke, and steams of sulphur issuing forth in puffs. The heat of the ground in some particular places was so great as to penetrate through the soles of our shoes to our feet: seeing some spots of earth or soft clay, we tried the heat with our fingers, but could not thrust them in farther than half an inch, for the deeper we went the more intense we found the heat. We then took our guide's staff, and thrust it to the depth of three inches into a hole or porous place, where the smoke seemed to be thickest, and held it there about a minute, and then drew it out, when we found it burned to charcoal. We gathered here many pieces of most curious and beautiful brimstone of all colours, particularly azure, blue, green, violet, yellow and scarlet. But what chiefly engaged the attention of my

companion, was the extraordinary and uncommon appearance of the clouds below us, at a great distance; they seemed like the ocean, only the surface of them was not quite so blue and smooth, but had the appearance of very white wool; and where this cloudy ocean, as I may call it, touched the shore, it seemed to foam like billows breaking on the shore. When we ascended through the clouds, it was dark; but when we mounted again, between ten and eleven, the moon shone bright, the clouds were thin below us, and about a mile distant; we took them for the ocean, and wondered to see it so near; nor did we discover our mistake until the sun arose. When we descended to the clouds, in returning from the Pike, and entered within them, they appeared to us as a thick fog or mist, of the consistence of those which are frequently seen in England: all the trees of the fore-mentioned woods, and our cloaths were wet with it.

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The air on the top of the Pike was thin, cold, and piercing, and of a dry parching nature, like the south-easterly winds which are felt in the Great Desert of Africa, or the Levanters in the Mediterranean; or even not unlike those dry easterly winds which are frequent in the northern parts, in clear weather, in the months of March or April.

In ascending the highest part of the mountain, called the sugar-loaf, which is very steep, our hearts panted and beat vehemently; so that, as I observed before, we were obliged to rest above thirty times, to take breath: but whether this was owing to the thinness of the air causing a difficulty of respiration, or to the uncommon fatigue which we suffered in climbing the hill, I cannot determine; but believe it was partly owing to the one, and partly to the other. Our guide, a slim, agile, old man, was not affected in the same manner with us, but climbed up with ease, like a goat; for he was one

of these poor men who earn their living by gathering brimstone in the cauldron and other volcanos, the Pike itself being no other, tho' it has not burned for some years past, as may be plainly understood by the nature of the substance; and indeed all the top of the island shews evident marks of some terrible revolution, that has happened in Teneriffe, for the Sugar-loaf is nothing else than earth mixed with ashes and calcined stones, thrown out of the bowels of the earth; and the great square-stones, before described, seem to have been thrown out of the cauldron, or hollow of the Pike, when it was a volcano. The top of the Pike is inaccessible in every way but that by which we went up, viz, by the east-side. Its steepest part is on the north-west, towards Garrachica. We tumbled some loose rocks down from that quarter, which rolled a vast way, till we lost sight of them.

Having surveyed every thing worthy of observation, we returned to the Estancia,

Estancia, where our horses were left; the whole time spent in descending from the top of the Pike to this place, was only half an hour, although the ascent took us up about two hours and a half. It was now about ten in the morning, and the sun shone so excessively hot as to oblige us to take shelter in the cottage; being exceedingly fatigued, we lay down there, intending to sleep, but could not for the cold, which was so intense under the shade, that we were obliged to kindle a fire to keep ourselves warm.

After taking some repose, we mounted our horses about noon, and descended by the same way that we went up, and came to some pines situated about two miles above the clouds: between these pines and the Pike grows no herb, shrub, tree, or grass, excepting the fore-mentioned Retama. About five of the clock in the evening we arrived at Orotava, not having alighted by the way to stop, only sometimes to walk where
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the road was too steep for riding. The whole distance we rode in the five hours spent in coming down from the Estancia to Orotava, we computed to be about fifteen english miles, travelling at the rate of three miles an hour; suppose then we deduct five of these for windings and turnings, the distance from the sea to the Estancia, in a strait line, will be about ten miles; which, if carefully compared with the ascent of the road, I reckon will make the perpendicular height of the Estancia to be about four English miles: I am very certain, I cannot be mistaken in this calculation above a mile either way. Here is no place in the world more proper for an observatory than the Estancia: if a commodious warm house or cottage was built upon it, to accommodate astronomers while the moderate weather continues, viz all July, August, and Septbr., they might make their observations, take an account of the wind and weather of the region above the clouds, and remark their nature

nature and properties. But if any person intends to visit the Pike, I would advice him to wait for fine clear weather, carry a good tent, plenty of water, and some provisions along with him, that he may be enabled to remain at the Estancia four or five days, in which time he might go twice or thrice to the top of the Pike, and make his observations at leisure.

17.

Henry II. King of France.

Henry was born at St. Germain en Laye 1518. and mounted the throne of France March 31. 1547. This brave warlike prince, was uncommonly active, and displayed great agility in all kinds of exercises; he possessed an agreeable turn of mind, and his engaging manners were farther heightened by the elegance of his person,

person, and an agreeable countenance, in which were at once depicted gentleness and majesty. He was not destitute of desires, but was never animated with very violent passions; to this disposition we may ascribe the constancy of his attachments. He placed great confidence in those about him, and was more guided by their advice, than his own judgment. He invariably administered justice, rewarded worthy actions, and applied himself to the affairs of government; but being unwilling to act without counsel, was the cause of all the evil done by those who controuled him.

The abilities of Henry were not, in many respects, equal to those of Francis his father; but he was more successful than his predecessor, and the emperor Charles V. whom fortune had always favoured against Francis, was often obliged to yield to Henry, which would sometimes induce the emperor to say, „I see clearly how it is: fortune is a female,

female, as ſhe is represented, ſhe abandons age, to beſtow her favours upon youth.“

In the battles, which Henry II. fought in perſon, this prince was ſo careleſs of his health and life, that the conſtable Montmorency thought it his duty to tell his ſovereign in a frank and open manner, „Sire, if you continue proceeding in this way, we can look upon our king as little more than a bird upon a branch, and we muſt have new ones every day, if the others are as careleſs about their prefer- vation as you are.“

Diana of Poitiers was abſolute empreſs over the affections of Henry. This prince, who poſſeſſed no will of his own, let himſelf be guided by the caprices of an ambitious vindictive woman. He adopted her maxims againſt toleration, and became a perſecutor, becauſe his miſtreſs was ſuch. Auet, an ancient villa upon the banks of the Eure, and which the poets in the pay of Diana, have often celebrated under the name of Dianet, became the pleaſurable retreat

retreat of the monarch and his mistress. Henry's long attachment to this lady, who was 17 years older than him, gave rise to many fables; some imagined that Diana, who had attained that age, when the sex exercise duplicity and dissimulation, and avail themselves of the weakness of mankind to profit by our foibles, could not still retain the conquest she had made of a prince, who loved more through indolence than passion, had she not some secret influence over him; and Pasquier very seriously ascribes this influence to magic, Diana having given Henry an enchanted ring which he constantly wore.

Many authors are of opinion, that the motto of the crescent (consisting of these words: *donec totum impleat orbem*) was adopted by Henry to testify his love for Diana. The crescent is an attribute of the Deity, whom the ancients called Diana, and from a similitude of name, Henry complimented his mistress under this symbol, though her small pretensions to chastity

chastity would have induced a prudent woman, not only to have rejected the compliment but laid aside the name of Diana, for the title of duchess of Valentinois, which the prince had conferred upon her. Paul love is of opinion, that Henry, who took this device when he was only dauphin, endeavoured to signify, that as the moon did not emit all her light till she was at the full, all his virtues and good qualities would not be displayed till he had mounted the throne.

It has been remarked, that the reign of Henry II. began with a very singular combat, that of Iarnac and la Charaignerie, and which terminated also by another singular combat, of a different kind. This latter was the unfortunate tournament, in which the king was mortally wounded by Montgomery. The king gave this tournament in honour of the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth, with Philip II. king of Spain, and that of his sister, Margaret, with the Duke of Savoy. After

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having for two successive days been the victorious champion in these his favourite exercises, just as they were upon the point of finishing, in order still farther to display his superior skill, he said, he would break another lance in honour of the ladies, or according to some writers, in honour of the queen his wife. This princess intreated him several times to retire from the tournament, but could not prevail. The king called upon Montgomery, captain of the Scotch guards. This young nobleman at first declined entering the lists, but he was obliged to obey an express order he received from the king. Both their lances broke at the first onset, and Montgomery's horse taking fright, he ran the remainder of his lance, which was in his hand, into the king's right eye, the visier of his casck being up. The king staggered, and was immediately carried to the palace of Tournelles near which place the tournaments was given. An abscess was formed in

in the king's head, and he died the twelfth day after he received the wound. This makes us call to mind what a minister from the grand seignior said with respect to these exercises, where generally some accident happened: „If it is in earnest, it is not enough; if it is in jest, it is too much.“

M. De Thou, who was somewhat credulous with regard to judicial astrology, tells us, that Luke Gaurik had prognosticated the time and manner of Henry's finishing his career. Brantome also says, „I have heard, and I credit it, that some years before he died, there was an astrologer who calculated his nativity, and presented it to him: he there found that he was to fall in a duel by single combat; the constable Montmorency was present, to whom the king said, „See, my friend, what a death they have predicted me.“ To which the constable replied, „Surely, Sire, you will not credit these knaves, who deal in inventions and

falsities — fling it in the fire.“ To which the king rejoined — „Why so? They sometimes tell truths. I would as willingly finish my life that way as any other. Indeed I should prefer falling by the hand of any one, provided he were brave and valiant, and that I did not tarnish my glory.“ If this prediction was not made after the events occurred, we may conclude, that astrologers, among innumerable false conjectures, have sometimes stumbled upon the truth. He died at Paris, July 10, 1559, aged 41.

The Grisgris and Mumbo-Iumbo, superstitions practised in many of the interior countries of Africa.

Of all the superstitions in vogue in several of the interior countries of Africa, the most general and remarkable are the Grisgris and Mumbo-Iumbo; the former of which, are certain Arabic characters, mixed with necromantic figures, drawn by the Marbuts or priests, on paper. The poorest negro never goes to war without his Grisgris, as a charm against wounds; and if it proves ineffectual, the Marbut transfers the blame on the immorality of his conduct. Those cheats invent Grisgris against all kinds of dangers, and in favour of all desires and appetites; by virtue of which, the possessors may obtain or avoid whatever they like or dislike. They defend them from storms,

ennemies, diseases, pains and misfortunes; and preserve health, long life, wealth, honour, and merit, if we credit the Marbuts. Certain it is, that those priests find all the benefit of the boasted virtues of their Grisgris; no clergy in the globe being more revered, honoured, or wealthy, according to the Ideas of wealth they entertain here; and no wonder, as they impoverish the people by the exorbitant price they exact for their knavish charms, a Grisgris being frequently valued at three slaves, and four or five oxen.

Such of these pious ornaments as are intended for the head, are made in the form of a cross, reaching from the forehead to the neck behind, and from ear to ear; nor are the arms and shoulders neglected. Sometimes they are planted in their bonnets in the form of horns, at other times they are made like serpents, lizards, or some other animal, cut out of a kind of paste-board: In a word, they are of forms as various as the purposes for which

which they are intended. There are not wanting Europeans, and otherwise intelligent seamen, and merchants, who are in some degree infected with this weakness of the country, and believe that the negro forcerers have an actual communication with the devil, and that they are filled by the malignant influence of the evil spirit, when they see them distort their features and muscles, make horrid grimaces, and at last imitate all the appearance of epileptics: a notion not confined to the negroes of Africa, but thoroughly believed about the beginning of the last century, by several of the learned of Europe, and borrowed by them from the ancients, who believed that persons afflicted with this terrible malady were possessed with a spirit. Here, indeed, it is counterfeited, but so artfully, that it is next to impossible to detect them, and hence they gain great credit with the natives.

To these charms and necromantic arts they add the other bugbear of *Mumbo*

Iumbo, which is intended, chiefly among the Mandingoes, to keep their women in obedience and submission. This is no other than a large idol, which the women are simple enough to believe, or cunning enough to pretend, they take for a human savage, who watches all their actions, and can even penetrate into their most secret thoughts. The husband gets behind this statue in the night, and makes a dreadful bellowing, which they suppose issues from the idol; and of this some of them make a very artful use; for, persuading their husbands that they firmly believe in the attributes given to the Mumbo Iumbo, their conduct is intirely committed to his care; the husband takes his pleasure abroad, and the women enjoy the society of their gallants, free from all alarms and discoveries. Some of them, are, however, simple enough to credit what their husbands assert, and then they try to bribe over the idol to favour them. This part is acted by a negro, and
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commonly by the favourite slave of his master; hence he acquires an absolute dominion in the family over the women, in consequence of his function; and over the master, from an apprehension that ill usage will make him reveal the secret of so much consequence to the support of the husband's authority, and preservation of the women's honour.

In the year 1727. the king of Iagria had a woman, whose curiosity could only be equalled by his weak fondness, in discovering to her the whole mystery of the Mumbo Jumbo, for which she had long eagerly solicited; but with the indiscretion, usual in her sex, she was scarcely in possession, when she hastened to reveal it to all the other women. The report soon came to the ears of the chief negro Lords, who were before but ill affected to the king's person, and now shocked with a weakness of such consequence to them all. They therefore assembled to deliberate on the necessary

measures, in an affair so critical; and not doubting but their women would throw off their allegiance, and live in a perpetual state of rebellion and infidelity, if the terror of the Mumbo Iumbo was once removed, they determined upon a very bold step, which they executed with equal resolution. They assumed that air of authority peculiar to persons who take upon them a religious office, or act in a religious cause; and, going to the palace, ordered the king to come before the idol or Mumbo Iumbo. The weak prince, not daring to refuse the summons, obeyed, and, after being severely censured by the bugbear, he was ordered to produce all his women. No sooner had they made their appearance, than they were instantly assassinated by order of the Mumbo Iumbo, and thus this almost fatal discovery was suppressed, before it made its way out of the king's family.

Such as are initiated in the mystery of the Mumbo Iumbo take a solemn oath
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not to reveal it to the women, or any other negroes who are not of the society. They cannot be admitted before a certain age; the people swear by that idol, and no oath is observed with more solemnity and respect. In a word, every village has its lodge, or Mumbo Iumbo, which we can compare to nothing so aptly as the respectable fraternity of Free-masons, so well known in all Europe.

19.

*The punished fratricide.**An anecdote.*

There is nothing that has a greater tendency to debase the human mind, and level it with the instinct that directs the actions of the ferocious beasts of the forest, than the passions of malice and revenge. Where these are predominate, the most horrid consequences may be feared, and
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the tender feelings of humanity will exert their force in vain.

Peter and Iohn de Medicis were sons to the great duke Cosmo I. the former died in the Spanish service; but the latter was made a cardinal, though he was but nineteen years old at the time of his death, the circumstances of which caused a very great affliction to the whole family. As he and his brother Garfias were out one day a hunting, they happened to quarrel; or, according to others, the latter being of a furious malignant disposition, watched an opportunity of surprizing his elder brother, to whom he always bore a grudge, and stabbed him with a dagger. After this murder Garfias returned to his companions, neither his countenance nor behaviour betraying any thing extraordinary to have happened. Prince Iohn's horse soon after returned without his rider, and the company, by tracing the print of the horse's feet, found the prince lying dead on the ground. When the news of
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this unhappy event reached the great duke's ears, he gave orders that the suspicions part of the affair should be kept secret, and caused it to be given out that his son died suddenly of an apoplectic fit as he was hunting: but he ordered the body to be brought into an apartment in the palace, and his other son Garcias, from whose malignity and depravity of mind he suspected the true state of the affair, to be immediately sent for. Being charged with the murder, he at first audaciously, and with no small resentment, denied the charge; but being brought to the body of the deceased, which, as they say, at the presence of the murderer, began to bleed afresh, he threw himself at his father's feet, and confessed the fact. Upon this Cosmo admonished his son to call upon God for mercy, adding, „That he ought to account it a happiness, that he was going to lose that life, of which he was now become unworthy, by the hand of him alone, from whom he had at first

first received it." At these words he took the dagger from Garzia's side, which he had made use of as the instrument of his unnatural revenge, and plunged it into his son's heart, who fell down close to the dead body of his brother, and expired. This happened in the year 1562., Garzias being then but fifteen years of age. Very few were privy to this melancholy transaction, and it was given out that the two brothers were suddenly taken off by a contagious distemper, which at that time raged in Florence. To put a better gloss upon this tragical event, they were both buried with great pomp. The dutchess Eleonora, mother of these princes, a very excellent lady, was so affected with the tragical death of her two sons, that she survived them but a few days.

On Temperance.

It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man, who was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had not he prevented him. What would that Philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down sallads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counterferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout
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and dropfies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diftempers lying in ambufcade among the difhes.

Temperance, fays M. Addifon, has thofe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practifed by all ranks and conditions, at any feafon, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himfelf without interruption to bufinefs, expence of money, or lofs of time. If exercife throws off all fuperfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercife clears the veffels, temperance neither fatiates or overftrains them: if exercife raifes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives Nature her full play, and enables her to exert herfelf in all her force, and vigour: if exercife diffipates a growing diftemper, temperance ftarves it.

*The triumphs of Friendship.**A Swedish anecdote.*

Gustavus Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief Minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had sequestered her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and un sullied.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her: for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty and the bold, and the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in the presence of the immediate representative of Divinity.

K

Adelaide

Adelaide in a hurry caught up her masque, and hastened to cover the perils of her countenance; but the deed was already done; and her image was impressed on the heart of the monarch as indelibly, as though it had been fixed by the machinery of some engine.

He instantly drew his favourite, Valvaife, aside, and whisperingly gave a precipitate order, that he should discover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaife zealously obeyed the injunction of his royal patron: he brought him word, that she was a maid of illustrious birth, but little known; and, where known, admired as a phaenomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaife had been preferred to favour by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus in the chase of a stag, had outridden his attendants. Being thirsty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was pleasantly situated at the entrance
of

of a forest. He tied his steed to a tree; and, drawing near, beheld a young swain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth rose at his approach; and, having gracefully saluted him, led him into the house, where he hospitably regaled him with the home-brewd juice of the berry.

Pray what were you reading? demanded the prince — A late treatise, sir, on friendship, answered the student. — And what think you of it? — As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla. — I presume then, that your own sentiments on the subject are warmer. — As the difference, replied the youth, between the torrid and the frigid Zones. — You love your friends well then? — I should, sir, had I any: but I dare not trust myself with such a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly over-reach me; I should go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me. — Such a man as you, would make

a friend for a king. — But then I should never make a friend of a king. I am told that all, who would please the Great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to mind us of our faults. — For that very purpose I engage you, said Adolphus; I am your king!

The youth, all abashed, fell precipitately at his feet; but the monarch as hastily raised, and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaife became the favourite and bosom confident of his royal master. He had not, indeed, the burden of the state laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied trusts; all those he declined, wholly satisfied, and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the bosom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaife had given to Adolphus the desired intelligence concerning Adelaide, you must go then, my friend, you must go, said the king, and

wooe

wooe this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning address; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cause, where your heart will be so warmly interrested in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly in the presence of her mother and a few other witnesses in whom we may confide; but that this must be kept private, at least for a time, for fear of provoking the discontents of my people, as they expect I should strenghten my kingdom by some foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaife, my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my soul; I know your worth to be impregnable, impassible, unaffailable.

Valvaife, all transport, all ardour, by his emotions and glowing countenance, pathetically though silently assured his master of a zealous and faithful execution of his commission; and instantly retired without farther promise.

On the following day, he applied himself to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and flushed her with the ambition and eager desire of seeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happiness consummate. But Adelaide, during a number of visits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her sentiments under the semblance of bashful maidenhood and modest reserve.

At length Valvaife grew importunate, and set forth the advantages of his proposal in the most striking lights. He held up to her imagination the personal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and disposition that ever informed humanity. And, finally, observing to her, that Adolphus was more superior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public station, he urged her assent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched sigh; then raising her head, and giving

giving a side-glance, that entered the heart of the orator. Tell me, Valvaife, faid ſhe, lives there a man upon earth, in whoſe ſuit you would plead ſo warmly as in that of Adolphus? — No, madam, not in the univerſe. — And yet, ſhe bluſhing and hesitatingly returned, there lives a certain perſon in whoſe ſuit you might plead with much better ſucceſs.

Alas, ſhe continued, what is Adolphus to me? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty; it loves the littleneſs and lowneſs, the ſweet vales and deſcents of life; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and ſeeks not, neither can find any kind of joy, ſave in the affections of its ſpecies, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaife, as I am told, are not of haughty deſcent; your manners are ſweetly mild, your perſon is conformable, and it is the moſt ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly ſuitable to yourſelf.

Ah! exclaimed Valvaife, whither, whither wouldst thou lead me, thou perilous beauty? Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the sight of the Syren; and wanted not the additional enchantments of her voice, to seduce and to sink me into a deeper perdition. But, honour, virtue, gratitude, shall stand at my side; they shall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herself shall not be able to loose. No! though heaven were opened this instant before me, and all the powers, and glories and blessedness thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the cost of my friend's happiness, or of my own treason. It could not be a Heaven to me upon such conditions; through eternity I should be wretched, in the condemnation of myself.

Unhappy Adelaide, cried the fair one! what a peculiar severity there is in thy fate — to be excluded from all possibility of hope, by the very virtues that serve to increase thy passion! Be it so, then,
my

my friend, let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miserable; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment! Perish, perish Adelaide, so the faith of my Valvaife live renowned through ages!

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a sacrifice I make you at this instant! Yes thou bright perfection, I must bid a lasting adieu, while there is will, while strength is left, to tear myself away! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu; for — for ever, o for ever! is it not so, cried Adelaide? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaife; you must not debar me of one short farewell, the memory of which, may serve, through life and in death, to be my consolation. It is an expression of the esteem which I owe to your honour.

So saying, she broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch instantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flash of ascending

lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, seized her hand, pressed it silently to his bosom, hastily rose, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaife in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword to wash away the imagined dishonour of his family. But, being struck with the reserved demeanor of Valvaife, he deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the disturber of his repose; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience and earnestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast himself with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked, with a respectful ardour, if he had
 autho-

authorised Valvaife in any address to his sister Adelaide?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, said the king? if so, I think I may safely put my confidence in you. Yes, Alleran, I did authorise Valvaife to address your sister; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his master, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined Alleran: by all that is sacred to the soul of truth and honour, these eyes beheld that Valvaife fondly circled and caressed within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaife had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But jealousy, disdain,

disdain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so ungratefully, so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterness; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing his late favourite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized. But, being informed that Valvaife had absconded, he issued hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence; for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship; and he wished for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a state that the most wretched of his vassals might envy; his bosom torn with a variety of distracting and conflicting passions; when, on the fourth day, he received the following

following letter from his detested, though late, his so dearly beloved.

„S i r e,

„I am now fifty leagues removed from your presence, and trust soon to be past the justice of your resentment. — But no, I cannot fly it. — Would to heaven I had rather stayed, and atoned my crime in part, by suffering the punishment that was due to my perfidy! Death would surely, at last, have delivered me from you, from myself, from the gnawing of the worm that dies not within me, that no absence can mitigate, no distance evade! — Yes Adolphus, your image, your friendship, cling fast to my memory, they continue to load me with unsupportable favours, and my soul groans and struggles under the unremitting oppression. — And is it then possible that I should have betrayed you? I can scarce think it possible. — Did I not love you with a love passing that of self preservation? would I not have bled, have died
for

for you, have suffered all extremities to bring you any accession of happiness? yes, most assuredly. Alas, how is it then, that my will, against my will, has injured you, my master; has mortally wounded you in the most vital part in your love for the too adorable, the too fascinating Adelaide! Ah, why did I enterprise the perilous task enjoined me? while I wished, while I endeavoured and struggled to serve you, I fell in my own weakness; I fell myself, a prey to her all-subduing beauties. — Thus, while I constrained my tongue to plead the cause of my king, my eyes must have pleaded the cause of the traitor Valvaife. There, there lies the heart, and pith of my transgression against you. I will not deceive you, I will not conceal from you, that I have robbed you of a portion of the affections of your Adelaide. — But I will avenge you, my master; I will do you ample justice upon my own head. I tear myself away for ever. No more shall mine eye behold the heart-

heart - chearing face of friendship, or the seducing face of love. I tear myself for ever from Adolphus from Adelaide, from the two, the only objects within the circling moon, that could cast a ray of comfort upon my benighted spirit. All else is a vacant wild, a vale of horrors and desolation. — O misery! but I embrace it; my soul shall brood and dwell upon it; it is the portion, the only portion that I chuse on this side of eternity.

„In the mean time, my lord, be you your own advocate. Appear in your native attractions, before the eyes of the deluded beauty, and the memory of Valvaife shall quickly fleet away, as the gleam of a transient meteor, before the rising light of the sun.

„Be happy o Adolphus, be happy in your Adelaide, be happy above conception! — When I hear, that you are so, a beam of returning joy may once more inform the breast of

„Valvaife“
Adol.

Adolphus, in entering on the first part of this letter, was instantly stung with vexation and disappointment by the fear of being defeated of his revenge on Valvaife. As he proceeded, however, his heart began to be softened by the condemnation which the criminal denounced against himself. But, again, when he came where Valvaife dared to avow his passion for Adelaide, and her answering regards, the flame of his resentment rekindled, and rose aloft. Yet this fire was much allayed by the subsequent sentiments; and he found himself, at the close, inconsistently agitated by a variety of tumultuous and opposite passions.

He wished not that any eye should see how he was affected. He took the letter apart, and shut himself in; he scanned it over and over; and pausingly, over again. At every revival, his Valvaife appeared more acquitted, more innocent, more excellent; while the virtues of humanity descended on his soul, as
dew

dew on a nightly tempest, and bid the storm be still.

Ah, he cried, Valvaife also, I find is a son of the fallen Adam! Were any exempt from frailty, he surely had been the man. — Yet he fought, he resisted; and when he found, he could not prevail, he tore himself from temptation, though the temptation was Adelaide. — He does more, he detests himself for partaking of the human fallibility of our nature; he denounces endless vengeance upon his own head, for having involuntarily injured the friend, whose happiness he prefers to his own existence. This is more than to have conquered, such frailty rises even above perfection! — Return then my brother! return my Valvaife! — You grieve for having reluctantly bereft me of my love; bereave me not of friendship also, for so should your king be without consolation — Return I say, my brother! and I will strive to be your competitor in honour and generosity. — You would

I

deprive

deprive yourself of your beloved, for the sake of your friend: but your friend shall return the boon; he will endeavour to be happy, in the happiness of his Valvaife!

The desolate Valvaife had dispatched the foregoing letter from a house that stood far on his rout to the frontiers of Norway. In his early years, at the academy, he had contracted an intimacy with two young students, the one named Duplaife and the other Christiern; and, when he came into favour, he prevailed on the minister to prefer his two friends to two lucrative employments in the north of Sweden. He, therefore, justly inferred, that he had a right of asylum with those who were indebted to him for their honours, and emoluments.

Duplaife received his benefactor with transport, and entertained him with magnificence. On the next morning he cautiously entered the chamber of his guest before day. Having gently awaked him — Pardon said he, my dear patron,
this

this necessary intrusion! Yesterday, toward noon, a herald arrived, and fixed a writing on the town house, whereby you are proclaimed a traitor, and twenty thousand ducats proposed for your head. I will not ask how you incurred the displeasure of your king; it is sufficient to know, that he builds upon hollow ground who lays the foundation in the favour of princes. I trust that you are not known here to any save myself; it may be otherwise, however, and the temptation to betray you, is great. — I forbore to apprise you of these matters last night, for fear of discomposing you. — Alas, while I endeavoured to appear chearful, in honour of my guest, my heart was wrung on his account. — Hasten my beloved friend, escape for your precious life! — A short repast, with other matters, are prepared for your departure; and my three swiftest horses, by the morrow's early noon, shall convey you and your faithful followers — such I trust they are — quite clear of all danger.

Though Valvaife, at the time, regarded not his own life, yet he gratefully regarded those who approved their regard for it. He straitly embraced his host. I thank you, my friend, said he; but I will not take the advantage of your hospitality. You are a subject, you are in office; do your duty to your fovereign, and the laws of your country: I resign myself to your custody. I knew I was a loft man; but I will confole myself in hoping, that my depression may be the means of exalting the generous Duplaife.

Duplaife for the first time turned an eye of refentment, and indignation on his patron. Has Adolphus, he cried, an other kingdom to give me in exchange for my integrity? Or, though he had, can there be any property, any peace to a traitor?

If nothing else will prevail, replied Valvaife, the law of felf-prefervation must conftain you to deliver me up to juftice; your own life will, otherwife, be the forfeit of my efcape.

I would to God, rejoined Duplaise, that it might even be so; with what transport should I then embrace my fate! A death, in the act of virtue, how eligible, how desirable! I would not exchange it for the longest and happiest life upon earth.

Brother of the sentiment of my inmost soul! cried Valvaife, be it so; — you have conquered — it is but just, that the greater virtue should triumph over the less. — He then opened a small casket, and taking a diamond buckle which the king had stript from his own hat, and given to his favourite; Accept of this my friend, said he, as a kind though little remembrancer! when you shall hereafter look upon it, let it remind you, that such a person as your unhappy Valvaife was once among the living.

Duplaise at once turned his head and heart aside from the dazzling temptation; and, thrusting the gift back with a nobly averted hand, Talk not to me, he cried,

of tokens and remembrances: is there a bit I eat, a respect I receive, any object I see about me, that does not hourly put me in mind of your friendship and your bounty? When my wife and infants are around me, Valvaife smiles in their smiles, and comes to my heart in the midst of their careffes. O, my friend, my beloved, even next and near to my God! I feel no irksomeness, no weight under your many obligations; the burden is light and delightful unto me; and the sense of my own gratitude doubles every enjoyment that I derive from your affection.

They parted; and Valvaife put on with such speed, that ere it was turned of noon, he had gained upward of twenty leagues, and deemed himself past danger of caption or pursuit.

His principal attendant then rode up, and taking out a large purse stuffed with gold of different kinds, My lord, said he, your friend Duplaife enjoined me not to present you with this, till the distance should

should put it past your power to return it; and he prays you to accept it, in part of tribute for the revenues which he enjoys for your liberality.

Valvaife, ere night, might have reached the frontiers, and have gotten clear of the dominions and power of Adolphus; but being fatigued and coming to a large town where Christiern presided, he held it unkind to pass his fellow student without a visit.

Christiern welcomed his patron with demonstrations of joy surpassing those of Duplaife, and with respects befitting none save his king, or rather his God. His entertainment was such, that the generous Valvaife deemed it ungrateful not to place an entire confidence in him; and, taking him apart, he informed him of the disgrace he was in with his master, and of the tempting reward that was promised for his capture.

The countenance of his host instantly fell on this intelligence, his converse

grew confused, and his demeanour constrained. Valvaife, however, was unsuspecting of treachery in the case, till he was awakened by fixty armed men in the morning.

They rudely hastened him to rise, and having loaded him with chains, they put him into a close carriage, and fet out on the way to Stockholm.

In the mean time, disconsolate Adelaide pined in secret during the absence of her beloved, and the hidden malady began to prey upon her health and her complexion. At length she heard of the fatal orders that had issued against her Valvaife; and, casting all concerns save those of her passion aside, she hurried to court, and precipitately cast herself at the feet of Adolphus, where, happily, none were present, save the officers in waiting who kept a respectful distance.

The king was at once surprized and affected by the suddenness of her appearance, and the distress of her action. He
would

would have spoken, but was prevented. A my liege! she exclaimed, what is it that I hear? If Adolphus has death in store for those who wish to lay down their lives for his sake, what recompence does he keep in reserve for traitors? I understand you, replied the monarch; but death is due to all who would deprive me of Adelaide. Valvaife also is a traitor; he confesses himself a traitor; he was seen in your embraces! — That may be, my lord; but no eye ever beheld me in the arms of Valvaife. — Let him give me your heart and I will give him my kingdom. — Ah, my lord, it is a worthless heart, he prizes it not! he would gladly have given it to you, with all the kingdoms of the world, and with his own precious heart and life and soul also. I wooed him for myself, he wooed me only for his master; and when I would have retained him by my tears and my caresses, he rent himself from my arms, and vowed, at his departure, that could I have joined

heaven to the offer of my person, he would not accept an eternity of bliss at the cost of a single act of infidelity, to Adolphus.

Oh Adelaide exclaimed the monarch, you yet know not half his worth: he alone can deserve the whole treasure of your affections! I wish to be just, and to render you his more than princely merit. He loved, he loved you with passion, while he tore himself from you: but the love of his friend and of virtue, in a breast so noble as his, surpassed even his love of Adelaide.

In that instant the caitiff Christiern broke into the presence. Audacity sat on his brow, and self-approbation exulted through his demeanour. He bowed low at the feet of royalty; but quickly rising again to the top of his stature, he confidently addressed the throne.

So please you, my Liege, you now behold before you the most loyal, the most attached of all subjects that now are, or perhaps ever were upon earth; a man
who,

who, in his fealty and duty to his prince, sinks all other duties, all other considerations. Valvaife and I were bred together from our infancy; we were fellow-students, sworn brothers: his friendship procured for me whatever I now enjoy of honours or possessions. He lately came to my house, claimed the protection of my roof, and in confidence told me he had the misfortune of falling under your displeasure. But as soon as I understood that he was obnoxious to my king, and that the royal proclamation had issued against him, I became a Samson in my allegiance; I rent all other ties and obligations to shreds; I had him seized and laden with fetters; and he now attends the sentence that your justice shall pass upon him.

Adolphus, for part of an hour, sat in silent astonishment: he was shocked, he was terrified. He looked on Christiern with a disgusted and indignant eye, as somewhat newly started up, some horrid novelty in nature.

And,

And, who, wretch, at length he cried, who told thee, that the breach of all laws divine and human, that the bursting in sunder of every kindly band of gratitude and friendship, of confidence, and hospitality, could give thee a recommendation to the favour of Adolphus? He, who feels not these ties, can have no faith, no allegiance; but is equally a traitor to his king and to his God. — Here, take this miscreant, plunge him down into the mines, a thousand fathom deep, from the detesting face of the sun; and let all, who are of his blood, be banished our dominions for ever, lest Sweden should shortly be over-run with monsters!

Pale, speechless, and aghast, stood the wretched convict. Eagerly they seized upon him, and hurried him with a frantic kind of joy to execution; so odious and so unpitied, even in misery, is the guilt of ingratitude!

The king then ordered the prisoner to be introduced. He entered, not proudly,
nor

nor yet slavishly trailing his chains along. His countenance was fearless, but modest and dejected; neither dared he, as he advanced, to raise his eye to the face of a master, whom he thought he had injured.

Come you, said the monarch, to reproach your cruel friend for the injustice of his orders? — Blessed be the orders, returned Valvaife that give me once more to behold the gracious countenance of my lord!

Then suddenly turning an eye upon Adelaide, he started and changed. Ah, madam he cried, you are here then. — Heaven be praised! you have questionless reformed the errors of a wayward fancy; and have given up your heart where excellence claims the whole, entire and undivided, and where all that we are and that we have is due — But then I see you not, where I trusted you should soon be exalted; I see you not on the throne, or at the side of your master. — Would you wish

wish then, interrupted the king, to behold your beloved in the arms of your rival? — From my soul I wish it, my lord; because I love her happiness, even more than I love her person.

Adelaide, said the monarch, though you owe me nothing as your lover, you owe me obedience as your king. I command you then to step and unbind the prisoner, and restore him to the arms and to the bosom of his friend.

Adelaide, with trembling hands, and a palpitating heart, her aspect all in a glow, set about her commission; but prolonged the chains of her beloved, by her haste to set him at liberty.

The monarch then descended, and advancing with opened arms, he clasped and reclasped Valvaise to his breast. O, welcome, thrice welcome, he cried, to thy late desolate mansion, thy seat within my bosom! — Adelaide has told me all; has born incontestable testimony to your truth, to an honour that is impassable, to

a virtue, that rises above seduction, to a friendship that sacrificed whatever you held most dear to the interests of the man who put his confidence in you. — What shall I do my brother, to recompense your love? — I will try — I will strive to emulate the nobleness of your example. — I will, in my turn, subdue my own passions. — I will restore to your generosity, what I held dearer than empire, dearer than life, — I will yield Adelaide to her beloved — and be greater than a king, by resembling Valvaife!

Long silence ensued — Adelaide eagerly looked through the eyes of Valvaife, in search of the inmost emotions of his soul; and finding them conformable to the generosity of her own sentiments — No my lord, she cried, Valvaife will admit of no enjoyment, till the lord of his affections shall be supremely happy; till you have found to yourself an Adelaide, whose heart is undivided, who is wholly worthy of you by the constellation
of

of her excellencies. — I first learned to love, by admiring, in Valvaife, that fealty, that favour of affection which he had for his master; and could he taste of consolation while you tasted of regret, he would instantly loose the charm by which he engaged me; I should despise, I should reject him. — No no, it cannot be! we jointly vowed and convenanted, at our last parting, to keep separate for your sake; and not to accept of any happiness, save what virtue and the consciousness of acting nobly might yield.

22.

*An account of the famous
Gensingh Root.*

The name of Gensingh, which the Chinese have given to this famous root, is compounded of two words, gin, signifying man, and fen, comparison, its figure having,

having, in effect, some resemblance to the body of a man. The plant is low, and each root produces a stalk not exceeding eight inches in height, of which the leaves are alternate, as those of the reed of the smaller species, or of ginger; and are but an inch and a half in length, and a finger in breadth, terminating in a point at both extremities, a little indented throughout their circumference, but especially towards the middle, and traversed from above downwards by a rib, from whence proceed obliquely on each side four small nervures, and sometimes a greater number. These leaves are green pretty thick, soft, and are easily stript off the stalk. About the middle of the first month of the Chinese, the same with our month of January, and formerly that of February, this plant begins to shoot. It preserves its leaves during the whole summer, and each stalk has never more, than nine or ten leaves. As to flowers and fruit, it either bears none, or they never appear,

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while

while it is covered with leaves. The root has no virtue in summer, its juice being then too watery; and, if taken, out of the ground before the leaves fall, it wrinkles greatly as it dries, and soon rots. The leaves fall in the month of Septbr. and the stalk soon after wastes away, so as no vestige of it appears. Then all its virtue is concentrated in the root, which becomes of a more firm consistence, and may be taken out of the ground during the three winter months, Novbr. Decbr. January. It seems that nature has made some provision for the procuring of this salutary plant, even when its external parts do not discover it; because its root then rises a little out of the ground; and when the nights are calm, especially with a north wind, it sheds a sort of glimmering light, which discovers it, whether this happens, because the part of the root out of the ground is covered with dew, or that it exhales some moisture, by which the lustre is reflected.

Of

Of those who make it their business to seek for these roots, some have the leave of the proprietors of the land, others do it clandestinely, and thus expose themselves, from the expectation of gain, to be severely punished, if they should happen to be detected. The former, during the night, range over the mountains, where these plants grow, strewing flaked lime or ashes in all the parts where they perceive any thing to glisten. At break of day, they return and begin to dig. They keep all the roots of a finger's thickness, which being dried, do not exceed the diameter of a goose quill, and they replant the smallest, which they reserve for the year following. They are obliged to carry to the land-proprietor all the finest roots, especially those that have the above-mentioned resemblance to the human body. They keep the rest, and never sell them to strangers. As to those who go in quest of these roots clandestinely and without leave, they traverse the

mountains by night in the same manner, and dig up immediately every thing they see shine, retiring by bye ways, for fear of being discovered, and to avoid those who guard the avenues. These are almost the only Genfingh roots that come to the hands of foreign merchants. All parts of China where this plant grows, are not indeed so strictly guarded; for the inhabitants are more at liberty to gather them in Leauting, Corea, and that northern tract called Faufian; and the greater part of the Genfingh found therein is sold to strangers; but the small quantity produced in the other provinces of China remains intirely in the country. The inhabitants of the west division of China often take journies beyond the great wall among the Tartars, in quest of it. Of this too the better part is disposed of privately to foreigners, and hence is perceived the reason of the scarcity and dearness of this root, which is rated at a very excessive price, when its form has some resemblance
to

to that of the human body, being then looked upon as a sort of panacea.

A drachm or two of the infusion of the root is taken in form of tea. It repairs bodily strength that has been debilitated by tedious illness; it fortifies weak limbs by its gentle heat, and its salutary virtues are communicated to all the muscular parts, and even to the marrow of the bones. Its nature is very temperate, and not excessively hot, as some have fancied it to be. All that is required, while it is used, is sobriety in eating and drinking; for the too great quantity of aliments resists not only the effect of the remedy, but excites also, in such case, too great a heat, by giving a full exertion to the active principles of the root, and this brings on a coma vigil. It is not therefore proper for young people, or those who are of a hot constitution; but on the contrary, it is very useful, and attended with very salutary effects, in regard to those who labour under the infirmities of old age, or

are reduced to a low state by a consumptive habit of body; and, if one has a painful journey to take, during which there may be a necessity of being exposed to the injuries of the air, after having taken in the morning an infusion of the root, the dose as above specified, the party may be sure of not feeling, the rest of the whole day, the least craving from hunger or thirst; so that, it seems, the names Saftica and Adipfos suit much better this root than that of liquorice, which has not this property in so eminent a degree.

Here is the description of the qualities of Genfingh contained in a Chinese Herbal: This root has a sweet flavour, and is of a temperate nature, partaking at the same time both of heat and cold and containing no dangerous quality. This remedy acts upon the five members, that is, according to the Chinese phytic, on the heart, the liver, the lungs, the spleen, and the reins; it fortifies them, and reestablishes their

their natural heat. It calms the too great agitation of the animal spirits, and even procures tranquillity to the mind. It remedies the dangerous effects caused by fear, clears the sight, and glads the heart. This plant, of which the root has some resemblance to the exterior form of the human body, grows in dry and barren soils, on high mountains exposed to the rays of the sun, and situated to the south."

*Relation of the execution of the
Rev. M. Rochette and three
noblemen with him at Toulouse
the 19. th of Febr. 1762. for
professing the Protestant Religion
extracted from a letter dated the
day after the execution.*

The only resource we have now left is to let our tears flow, and to render our sorrow supportable, by giving it a free course. The day before yesterday the prisoners were tried by the two chambers of the parliament of Thoulouse, and yesterday they were beheaded. All the four Martyrs behaved with invincible constancy and firmness of mind, attended with a chearfulness and serenity, that was adapted to excite the highest admiration. They finished their days, like true saints and christian heroes. As soon as they
heard

heard their sentence read, they beheld each other stedfastly, and said, „Let us then die, since things are so! and let us pray to God to accept the sacrifice that we are now to make of our lives to him and to the truth.“ Upon which Mr. Rochette prayed aloud in a most moving and pathetic manner. They then embraced two of their companions who were condemned to the galleys, congratulated tenderly another of them who had been set at liberty, and in all their conduct they seemed to be full of the spirit of God. Monsieur Billot, one of the Secretaries, who was present at this first scene of their trials, never speaks of it without shedding tears. The martyrs were next committed to the care of the four principal curates, whom the attorney-general sent to attempt their conversion. But the exhortations of these ecclesiastics produced as little effect as those of the Abbé Coutezac, who had been in the prison every day for during three months, and had been so often

empowered by the magistrates to offer them their lives and their liberty, on condition of their embracing the Romish religion, an offer which they rejected without the least hesitation.

Mr. Rochette begged of these ecclesiastics, that they would put an end to their useless importunities, and not continue to trouble him and his three friends in their last moments, but suffer them to die in peace expressing at the same time, his grateful sense of their well-meant zeal. One of the curates threatened him and his companions with damnation; upon which the worthy minister replied with his usual serenity, „that they were going to appear before a more equitable judge than he was, even before that merciful judge, who had shed his blood for their salvation.“ At the same time he exhorted his fellow-martyrs to fortitude and perseverance; and when the curates interrupted him with accusations of heresy, and with pompous discourses about the power

power of granting the remission of sins which was lodged in the church, he told them, that the Protestant religion acknowledged no such power, nor looked for the pardon of sin from any other source than the mercy of God in Iesus Christ.

Being delivered about two o' clock, from the importunity of these priests, the pious martyrs employed those precious moments in prayer and praises to the God who enabled them to behold death without terror or dismay, and encouraged each other to persevere unto the end. So calm and undisturbed was the state of their minds, that they did not shed a single tear. But this was not the case with the persons who were the spectators of this moving scene. While these good men thanked the centinels and keepers of the prison for the kind treatment, they had received from them, and asked their pardon if they had given them any offence, the latter burst into tears, and shed

shed the anguish of humanity upon the martyrdom of their prisoners. The minister perceiving one of the soldiers weeping still more bitterly than the rest, addressed to him thus: My good friend, are you not willing and ready to die for your king? why then do you pity me, who am going to death for the cause of God?

The priests returned to their importunities about one o' clock in the afternoon, and were entreated to retire; but to no purpose. One of them said: „it is from a concern about your salvation that we come here;“ upon which the youngest of the three brothers replied: „If you were at Geneva, at the point of death in consequence of a mortal disease (for there no body is put to death on account of religion) would you chuse to be teased and importuned in your last moments by four or five protestant ministers under pretence of zeal? Do therefore as you would done by.“ This mild remonstrance was insufficient to put
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an end to the vain and cruel attempts of these blind zealots, who, furnished each with a crucifix, which they presented from time to time to the prisoners, continued to perplex them in the most indiscreet manner.

„Speak of him, said one of the noblemen who was to suffer, who died for our sins, and was raised for our justification, and then we will listen to you; but do not trouble us with your vain superstitions.“

About two o' clock the martyrs were led out of prison, placed in a waggon, with the four curates, and thus conducted to the gate of the Cathedral. Here the minister was desired to step out of the waggon, and to ask pardon, on his knees of God, the king and the law, in that he had wickedly persevered in performing the functions of his ministry in opposition to the Royal edicts. This he twice refused to do. He was told that this was no more than a formality; to which he answered, „that he neither would acknowledge nor submit to any formality that was contrary to

to the dictates of his conscience." At length, however, being obliged, by force and violent treatment, to leave the waggon, he fell upon his knees, and expressed himself thus: „I humbly ask of Almighty God the pardon of all my sins, in the full persuasion of obtaining the remission of them through the blood of Christ. With respect to the king, I have no pardon to ask of him, having never offended him. I always loved him as the father of my country; I always honoured him as the Lord's anointed; I have always been to him a good and faithful subject, and of this my judges themselves have appeared to be fully convinced; I always recommended to my flock patience, obedience and submission, and my sermons have always been confined to the two great objects contained in these words of holy writ, *Fear God and honour the king*. If I have acted in opposition to the laws, that prohibited our religious assemblies, I did this in obedience to the laws of him, who

who is the king of kings. With respect
to public justice, I have nothing to say
but this, that I never offended it, and I
most earnestly pray that God will vouchsafe
to pardon my judges.

This was the only confession that the
officers of justice, after much importunity
and contestation, could obtain from Mr.
Rochette; and, though it did not answer
their purpose, yet they were obliged to
be satisfied with it, perceiving the invin-
cible resolution with which this noble
martyr protested against going any farther.
No such acknowledgment was required of
the three noblemen, who suffered with
him, as by the laws of France it is never
demanded of such as are beheaded. They
were, however, conducted with Monsieur
Rochette to the place of execution. The
ordinary place appointed for the execution
of criminals was not chosen upon this
occasion, but one much less spacious, that
this glorious instance of martyrdom might
have the fewer spectators. All the streets
which

which led to it, were lined with soldiers, and that on account of the pretended apprehension of a rescue. But this they could only fear from the Roman Catholics, on whom indeed the shedding thus deliberately the blood of the innocent seemed to make a lively impression; for the small number of protestant families that live in this city, filled with consternation at this unrighteous sentence, had shut themselves up in their houses, where they were wholly employed in sending up their prayers and lamentations to heaven, while this terrible scene was transacting. In the streets, which led to the place of execution, the windows were hired at very high prices: wherever the martyrs passed, they were accompanied with the tears and lamentations of the spectators. One would have thought by the expressions of sorrow that appeared every where, that Thoulouse was, all of a sudden, become a Protestant city. The curate of Faur could not bear this affecting spectacle. Yielding to the power

power of sympathy (and perhaps of conscience) he fainted away, and one of his vicars was sent for to supply this place. The circumstance that was most affecting, and that made every eye melt into tears, was the inexpressible serenity that appeared in the countenance of the young clergyman as he went on to death. His graceful mien, the resignation and fortitude that reigned in his expressions, his blooming youth, every thing, in short, in his conduct, character and appearance, interested all ranks of people in his favour, and rendered his fate the subject of universal affliction. This affliction was augmented by one particular circumstance, even its being universally known, that Mr. Rochette might have saved his life by an untruth, but refused to hold it at so dear a rate; for as being a minister was his only crime, and as there was no complaints made against him, no advertisements describing his person, nor any witnesses to prove his

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character, he had only to deny his being a minister, and his life was saved; but he chose rather to lose his life than deny his profession. He was the first of the four that was executed; and in the face of death he exhorted his companions to perseverance, and sung those sublime verses of the 128. th psalm, *This is the day which the Lord has made, we will be glad* etc. When the executioner among others, conjured him to die a Roman Catholic, the minister answered him in this gentle manner: Judge, friend, which of the two is the best religion, that which persecutes, or that which is persecuted. He added, that his grandfather, and one of his uncles, had died for the pure religion of the gospel, and that he would be the third martyr of his family. Two of the three gentlemen, that suffered with him, beheld him tied to the gibbet with an amazing intrepidity; but the third covered his eyes with his hand, that he might not see such a terrible spectacle. The
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commissaries of the parliament, and the
 deputies of the other courts of justice,
 discovered by their pensive looks and
 downcast eyes, how deeply they were
 affected upon this occasion. The three
 brothers embraced each other tenderly, and
 recommanded mutually their departing
 souls to the Father of spirits. Their heads
 were struck off at three blows. When
 the scene was over, the spectators returned
 to their respective homes, in a solemn
 silence, reflecting on the fate of innocence,
 and virtue, and scarcely able to persuade
 themselves, that the world could present
 such a spectacle of magnanimity, and such
 an instance of cruelty, as they had been
 just beholding.

A comparison between War and Peace.

No complaints are more frequent, than against the weather, when it suits not our purpose: „A dismal season! we shall be drowned, or we shall be burnt up.“ And yet wise men think, that there might be more occasion to complain, were the weather left to our own direction. The weather is not the only instance of distrusting Providence: it is a common topic to declaim against war: „Scourge of nations, destroyer of the human race, Bane of Arts and Industry! will the world never become wise! will war never have an end!“ Manifold, indeed, are the blessings of Peace; but does War never produce any good? A fair comparison may possibly make it doubtful, whether War, like the weather, ought not to be resigned to the conduct of Providence:
Seldom

Seldom are we in the right, when we repine at its dispensations.

The blessings of Peace are too well known to need illustration: Industry, Commerce, the fine Arts, Power, Opulence etc. etc. depend on Peace. What has War in store for balancing blessings so substantial. Let us not abandon the field without making at least one effort.

Humanity, it must be acknowledged, gains nothing from the Wars of small states in close neighbourhood: Such Wars are brutal and bloody, because they are carried on with bitter enmity against individuals. Thanks to Providence, that War at present bears a less savage aspect: we spare individuals, and make War upon the nation only: Barbarity, and cruelty give place to magnanimity: and soldiers are converted from brutes into Heroes. Such Wars give exercise to the elevated virtues of courage, generosity, and disinterestedness, which are always attended with consciousness of merit and of dignity.

Nothing can be a more striking proof of this assertion, than the following incident. The scene of action was in Admiral Watson's ship at the siege of Chandernagore, where Captain Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen, were both of them wounded by the same shot. The history is related by Mr. Ives, surgeon of the ship, which follows in his own words, only a little abridged. The Capt. whose leg was hanging by the skin, said to the Admiral, „Indeed, Sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both father and son.“ Mr. Watson's heart was too full for a reply; he ordered only both to be carried down to the surgeon. The captain who was first brought down, told me, how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Presently after the brave youth himself appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not for himself but for his father. Upon my assurance that his father's wound was not dangerous, he became calm; but refused to be touched, till

till his father's wounds should be first dressed. Then pointing to a fellow-sufferer, „Pray, Sir, dress also that poor man, who is groaning so sadly beside me.“ I told him that the man had already been taken care of; and begged, that I now might have liberty to examine his wound. He submitted; and calmly said, „Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint. I replied, „my dear, I must.“ He clasped his hands together; and, lifting his eyes towards Heaven, he offered up the following short but earnest petition: Good God, do thou enable me to behave in my present circumstances worthy of my father. He then told me, he was all submission. I performed the operation above the joint of the knee; and during the whole time the intrepid youth never spoke a word, nor uttered a groan that could be heard at the distance of a yard. It is easier to imagine than to express the feelings of the father at this time; but, whatever he felt, tears were the only

expression. Both of them were carried to Calcutta: The father was lodged in the house of his brother-in-law, and the son was placed with me in the hospital. For the first week I gave comfort to both, carrying good tidings to them of one another. But, alas! all the good symptoms, that had attended the young man, began to disappear. The Captain perceived all in my countenance; and so unwilling was he to add to my distress, as seldom to speak about his son. On time he said, „How long, my Friend, do you think, my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?“ I replied, that if he survived the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be strong hopes of his recovery. On the thirteenth he died; and on the sixteenth, the Captain, looking me steadfastly in the face, „Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy? Discovering the truth from my silence, he cried bitterly squeezed my hands, and begged me to leave him for one half hour.

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When I returned, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and, at two o'clock in the morning, he sent me a note written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy: ,Mr. Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is dying, and is yet in doubt about his father. — If Mr. Ives is not too busy to honour this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me. — The boy waits an answer.“ I immediately repaired to him; and he had still sense enough to know me. He then said, ,And is he dead? — ,who, my dear? — ,my Father, Sir — No, my Love; nor is he in any danger; he is almost well. — ,I thank God: I am now satisfied, and am ready to die.“ He had a locked jaw, and was in great pain, but I understood every word he uttered. He begged my pardon for having disturbed me at so early an hour; and before the

day was ended, he surrendered a life that deserved to be immortal." — So far my author; and I only add, does Peace afford any scene that can compare with this in moving our sympathetic feelings?

Friendship is in Peace cool and languid, but in a War for glory, exerts the whole fire of its enthusiasm. The long and bloody War, sustained by the Netherlands against the Tyrant of Spain, made even Dutchmen Heroes: They forced their way to the Indies during the hottest period of the War; and gained by commerce what supported them against their ferocious enemy. What have they gained since by Peace? Their immense commerce has eradicated Patriotism, and every appetite but for wealth. Had their violated rights been restored without a struggle, they would have continued a nation of frogs, and fishermen. The Swiss, by continual struggles for liberty against the potent house of Austria, became a brave and active people, feared and courted by
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neighbouring Princes. Their federal union has secured to them Peace and tranquillity; which, notwithstanding their mountainous situation, would have sunk them into effeminacy, but for a commerce they carry on of hiring out their men for foldiers. Monks are commonly pusillanimous: their way of life, which removes them from danger, enervates their minds, and renders them spiritless and cowardly.

Industry, manufactures, and wealth, are the fruits of Peace; but advert to what follows. Luxury, a never failing concomitant of wealth, is a slow poison, that debilitates the mind, and renders it incapable of any manly exertion; courage, magnanimity, heroism, come to be ranked among the miracles that are supposed never to have existed but in fable; and the fashionable properties of sensuality, avarice, cunning, and dissimulation, ingross the mind. In a word, man by constant prosperity and Peace degenerates into a mean impotent, and selfish animal; more despi-

despicable, if less odious, than an American savage, who treasures up the scalps of his enemies as trophies of his prowess. Such are the fruits of perpetual Peace with respect to individuals.

Nor is the state itself less debilitated by it than its members. Figure a man wallowing in riches, and immersed in sensual pleasure, but dreading the infection of a plague raging at his gate; or figure him in continual dread of an enemy, watching every opportunity to burn and destroy. This man represents a commercial State that has long enjoyed Peace without disturbance. A State, that is a tempting object to an invader, without means of defence, is in a woeful situation. The Republic of Venice was once famous for the wisdom of its constitution, and for being the Christian bulwark against the Turks; but by long peace has become altogether effeminate. Its present principles of Government are conformable to its character. Every cause of quarrel
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with a neighbour is anxiously avoided, and disturbances at home prevented by watchful spies. Hannibal appeared upon the stage too early: Had the Romans, after their conquest of Italy, been suffered to exchange their martial spirit for luxury and voluptuousness, they would have been no match for that great General. It was equally lucky for the Romans, that they came late upon Macedon. Had Alexander finished his conquest of Greece, and the Romans theirs of Italy at the same period, they would probably have been confined each of them within their own limits. But Asiatic luxury and effeminacy, which had got hold of the Greeks and Macedonians before the Roman invasion, rendered them an easy prey to the invaders. It was the constant cry of Cato the Censor, „Delenda est Carthago.“ Scipio Nasica was a more able Politician: His opinion was to give peace to Carthage, that the dread of that once powerful Republic, might preserve in vigour the military spirit

spirit of his country: What happened afterwards sets the wisdom of that advice in a conspicuous light. The battle of Actium after a long train of cruel civil wars, gave peace to Rome under the Emperor Augustus. Peace had not subsisted much above thirty years, when a Roman army, under Quintilius Varrus, was cut to pieces in Germany. The consternation at Rome was great, as there was not a fortified town to prevent the Germans from pouring down upon Italy. Instant orders were given for levying men; but so effeminate had the Romans already become, that not a single man would enlist voluntarily. And Augustus was forced to use severe measures, before he could collect a very small army. How different the military spirit of the Romans during the second Punic war, when several Roman armies were cut off, greater than that of Varus. The citizens who could bear arms were reduced to 137000; and yet in the later years of that war, the
Romans

Romans made shift to keep the field with no fewer than twenty - three legions. The Vandals, having expelled the Romans from Afric, enjoyed peace for a century without seeing the face of an ennemy. Procopius gives the following account of them: Charmed with the fertility of the soil and benignity of the climate, they abandoned themselves to luxury, sumptuous drefs, high living, and frequent baths. They dwelt in the theatre and Circus, amusing themselves with dancers, pantomimes, and other gay entertainments; Their villa's were splendid, and their gardens were adorned with water-work, beautiful trees, and odoriferous flowers; no regard to chastity, nor to any manly virtue. In that effeminate condition, they made scarce any resistance to Belisarius with an army far inferior to their own in number.

To what a torpid state by this time would Europe have been reduced, had the plan for a perpetual peace, projected
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by Henry IV. of France, been carried into execution? Conquest in a retrograde motion, would have directed its progress from the East to the West.

There is an other advantage of War, which ought not to be overlooked, though not capital. It serves to drain the country of idlers, few of whom are innocent, and many not a little mischievous. In the years 1759. and 1760. when the English were at war with France, there were but twenty-nine criminals condemned at the Old-Bailey. In the years 1770. and 1771. when they were at peace with all the world, the criminals condemned there amounted to one hundred and fifty one.

But, though I declare against perpetual peace, perpetual war is still more my aversion. The condition of Europe was deplorable in the dark ages, when vassals assumed the privilege of waging War without consent of the Sovereign. Deadly feuds, which prevailed universally, threatened dissolution of all Government: The human

human race never were in a more woeful condition. But anarchy never fails soon or late to provide a cure against itself, which effeminacy produced by long peace never does. Revenge and cruelty, it is true, are the fruits of war; but so are likewise firmness of mind and undaunted courage; which are exerted with better will in behalf of virtue than of revenge. The crusades were what first gave a turn to the fierce manners of our ancestors. A religious enterprize, which united numbers formerly at variance, enlarged the sphere of social affection, and sweetened the manners of christians to one another. These crusades filled Europe with Heroes, who, at home, were ready for any new enterprize that promised laurels. Moved with the oppressive and miserable consequences of deadly feuds, they joined in bonds of chivalry for succouring the distressed, for redressing wrongs, and for protecting widows and orphans. Such heroism inflamed every one who was

fond of glory and warlike atchievements. Chivalry was relished by men of birth; and even kings were proud to be of the order. An institution, blending together valour, religion, and gallantry, was wonderfully agreeable to a martial people, and tended strongly to improve their manners: Humanity and gentleness could not but prevail in a Society, whose profession it was, to succour every person in distress. And, as glory and honour were the only wished for recompence, chivalry was esteemed the school of honour, of truth, and of fidelity. Thus, truth without disguise, and a scrupulous adherence to promises, became the distinguishing virtues of a gentleman. It is true that the enthusiasm of protecting widows and orphans degenerated sometimes into extravagances; witness Knights who wandered about in quest of adventures. But it would be unfair to condemn the whole order, because a few of their number were foolish. The true spirit of chivalry produced

produced undoubtedly a signal reformation in the manners of Europe. To what other cause can we so justly ascribe the point of honour, and that humanity in war, which characterise modern manners? Are peace, luxury, and selfishness, capable of producing such effects?

That man should be the only animal who makes war upon his own kind may at first appear strange and unaccountable. Would men listen to cool reason, they never would make war. Hear the celebrated Rousseau on that subject:

„A prince who in extending his territories sustains the loss of as many of his old subjects as he acquires new, weakens in fact his power, while he aims at strengthening it: He increases the territory to be defended, while the number of defenders is not increased. Who does not know, that in the modern manner of making war, the greatest depopulation is not from the havock made in the armies? That, indeed, is the obvious

obvious and apparent destruction; but, there is, at the same time, in the State a loss much more severe and irreparable; not, that thousands are cut off, but that thousands are not born; Population is wounded by the increase of taxes, by the interruption of commerce, by the desertion of country, and by the stagnation of agriculture: The misfortune, which is overlooked at first, is severely felt in the event; and it is then that we are astonished to find we have been growing weak, while increasing our power. What renders every new conquest still the less valuable is the consideration of the possibility of doubling and tripling a nation's power, without extending its territory, nay, even by diminishing it. The Emperor Adrian knew this, and wisely practised it. The numbers of the subjects are the strength of the Prince: And a consequence of what I have said is this proposition, That of two states equal in the number of inhabitants, that is in reality

reality

reality the more powerful which occupies the smaller territory. It is by good laws, by a salutary police, and great economical schemes, that a wise Sovereign gains a sure augmentation of strength, without trusting any thing to the fortune of his arms."

But war is necessary for man, being a school for improving every manly virtue; and Providence renders Kings blind with respect to their true interest, in order that war may sometimes take place. To rely upon Providence in the government of this world is the wisdom of man.

Upon the whole, perpetual war is bad, because it converts men into beasts of prey: perpetual peace is worse, because it converts men into beasts of burden. To prevent such woeful degeneracy on both hands, war and peace alternately are the only effectual means; and these means are adopted by Providence.

*The history of Zemzi.**Written by himself to the Chevalier**B**Translated from the German.*

My dear chevalier, why must I satisfy the calls of curiosity? why must I describe the charms of that innocent and criminal state in which I lived with my dear Axa, on the desolate mountains of Xarico.

Axa, unhappy Axa, religion condemns the tears which I pour as a libation to thy memory; but religion cannot stop their effusion. They are my only consolation. Thou art desirous to know what a man is when left to himself. Then know me, know all my foibles; and at the same time confess that any one else in my circumstances, without education, without religion, without principles, would scarce have acted otherwise than I did.

I

I shall communicate my history and my misfortunes to You, and it is for You and You alone that I write.

I was born amidst the Thebuctos, who inhabit South America. Azaab their last cacique, was my father. My country bore the yoke which the Spaniards thought proper to impose on the Peruvians, in their neighbourhood: and my father not being able to submit to so rigorous a servitude, retired to the mountains of Xarico, carrying all his effects with him. Axa, a faithful slave named Tabul, and I, followed him. Azaab spared no pains to form us to a love of virtue. He inculcated the sentiments of humanity, inspired us with a detestation of vice, and forgot nothing which might enable us to bridle our passions.

We were approaching to that age, where every thing is animated by an unknown principle. O ye days of innocence, as well as ignorance, where in I had no idea of the Deity, nature nor myself!

myself! Is it a crime, if I cannot think of you without rapture?

Without knowing what principle I was actuated with, I was restless, full of anxiety, and was never satisfied but when my father went out with Tabul our slave. Then an extatic joy, an agreeable horror, which I could scarce conceal, seized upon my senses. I approached Axa, I beheld her, and my happiness was complete. We lived in a spacious cavern, which nature had formed in the cavity of a vast rock. My father who seldom went abroad, employed himself in teaching us that little Spanish which he was master of. This kind of study by degrees matured my understanding, or rather love wrought that miracle. I then considered with attention all that I had before beheld with indifference. My ideas became more distinct, and I acquired some lights, which, however weak, cost me much pain and anxiety. Axa, my sister and my mistress, became the object of my
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attentions. When I went in quest of fruits or roots, I always reserved the best for her. A look, a smile, infused joy into my heart; and the least of her disquietudes almost involved me in despair. I observed that Axa shunned me, and I fought in vain for the cause. I could not long support the pains which I endured; I was resolved to unbosom myself either to my father or Axa.

One day, when I was over-whelmed with melancholy ideas, I went out of the cavern to enjoy myself; I came to the foot of the rock whither the Thebuctos formerly used to repair to deposite all their cares. Love, which had entirely engrossed me, prevented me from considering the dangers to which I exposed myself. I still went forwards, and found myself in an inhabited valley, from whence I could perceive the mountains of Peru. It is impossible for me to express what I felt at the new prospect. All my senses were suspended, my eyes alone

wandered, and feasted upon so ravishing a sight.

When I recovered from my extacy, I admired the hills, the enameled meadows, the chrystal streams, and that natural symmetry which You Europeans take so much pleasure in destroying. — „Ah, cried I, if Axa were here, she would share in my happiness! But said I to myself, who has made all these things? why am I not acquainted with him who has created all these delightful objects? — O Being! O Power! for I know not what name to address thee by, I conjure thee to appear; do thou appear, that I may adore thee; thou shalt share in the affection I have for Axa; for I believe thou doest deserve it.“ — I gathered some fruits and flowers, which I carried to our retirement. I perceived Axa; her eyes were swimming in tears; my long absence had made them flow. When she saw me, she blushed, and her blushes heightened her charms. I presented her with my flowers, and
fruits;

fruits; she eat the latter, and placed the former in her beautiful hair, and in her snowy bosom.

The ensuing day we left Azaab in the cave, and repaired to the pleasant valley which I had discovered the last evening. We sat down under an orange grove near a brook; the murmuring of the waters, and the symphony of the feathered choir, conspired to melt our souls. Axa looked languishingly upon me, her eyes were swimming with the tears of extacy; her bosom palpitated; and her hand trembled within mine. — „Axa, cried I, why dost thou weep? Speak — appease my anxiety — wherefore dost thou shed the pearly shower? Thou art silent — dost thou distrust thy Zemzi? — dost thou hate me, Axa? — Alas — that would plunge me into the abyfs of misery — and of misery too great for tongue to express.“ — „Wherefore dost thou condemn my tears? replied she. Zemzi, my disquietude is not less than thine.

thine. If thou hadst unbosomed thyself, I should long ago have made thee my confidant. I feel an emotion which I cannot describe; clear up my doubts, Zemzi. I sigh when thou art absent; and I sigh likewise when thou art present. The tremor and secret shame, which I feel on receiving thy careffes, really astonish me. Why do I not feel the same emotion when I receive those of Azaab and Tabul? Ah Zemzi I am well convinced that thou and thou alone canst make me completely happy." —

I clasped Axa in my trembling arms, and I collected from her burning lips, kisses, which then made me happy, tho' now they occasion my shame and repentance.

A few days after my father united us in an indissoluble tie, and I tasted perfect felicity in the arms of Axa. I did not continue long in this sweet apathy; a restless desire sprung up into my soul, and excruciated me with numberless torments. I observed that my father retired

retired frequently, and passed several hours at a distance from us; I likewise took notice, on his return, that his cheeks retained the traces of those tears which he had shed in private. I followed him, unknown to him; I saw him descend, by a secret path, from a rock, and lose himself in a thick covert. I stole after him, I found him prostrate in a small cave, which was hid from sight by a groupe of trees. He kept an awful silence for some time, after which he raised his voice and pronounced the following address.

„Father of nature, if Thou existest, if Thou hearest me, O Thou whom the wise stile God, and the savages of Quixoto adore under different names, teach me who commands the sun to warm me; the earth to produce fruits for my nourishment; teach me who has formed me in so wonderful a manner — Thou dost exist — my palpitating heart tells me so; and all nature cries aloud in confirmation of this great truth. Yes; tho' I were so ungrateful

as to hide this great truth in my bosom,
the universe would draw aside the veil
from my heart, and expose my infidelity. —

But, alas, it is in vain that I enquire
for thy abode! where shall I seek Thee,
or where shall I find Thee? — wilt
Thou dwell with those men of blood,
who render themselves famous by their
crimes? Or rather is it not in the heart
of poor savages, in which thy divinity
delighteth? — O immense Being, shall
darkness always surround me? I am afraid
to offend Thee in adoring Thee; because
I must adore nothing but the Deity.
When shall these members, this decayed
body crumble into dust? Must Azaab
perish before he knows the paths which
lead to Thee? — must he leave Zemzi
and Axa in the obscurity in which they
are involved? How shall I instruct them,
if ignorance be my lot? How can they
love and adore Thee, unless they know
Thee? and how can they be happy
without adoring Thee? —

Azaab

Azaab finished his prayer, or rather a torrent of tears prevented him from continuing it. A horror seized upon me, which made me quake. Fear, veneration for a name which I had never had before the desire of knowing, that Being, without whom Azaab said, neither Axa nor I could be happy, raised such a tumult in my breast, as I am not able to describe. I entered the grot as soon as my father left it; I found there a little table covered with a skin; a monstrous figure, half dragon and half man, was placed upon it; two lamps lighted this dreadful place. The obscurity and the profound silence which reigned there, inspired me with a holy awe. I was in great agitation; my legs tottered; at last I addressed the unknown being, and invoked the parent of nature. I stammered out a few words, but my fear hindered me from staying any longer in the place.

I returned dejected to Axa. I was at great pains to conceal my sentiments from her.

her. The next day I followed my father again, and when he began his prayer, I entered, and prostrating myself at his feet, I said, „O my father, if I am dear to Thee, reveal to me the secret upon which the happiness of my life depends. To whom dost Thou speak? Teach me to speak like Thee: Father show me *this Father of nature*; let him know, that I am thy son. Where is he? — That I may join my prayers with thine.“

Azaab was amazed to see me. He clasped me with eagerness to his bosom, and bathed me with his paternal tears. I repeated my request. „How unhappy am I, cried he, fetching a sigh, I know him not myself.“ He conducted me out of the cave; we ascended upon the rock above it, where we sat down, and then my father said to me, „My Son, I have always endeavoured to guard thee against doubts and mistakes; for that reason I left thee to the guidance of pure nature. Thou didst grow up in thy happy ignorance,
and

and vast content; what could I wish for more? Should I have inculcated principles which I could not comprehend, as I am not more learned than thyself. Dread, my son, lest thy curiosity should rob thee of thy repose. I know that there is a Being who created us, who preserves us, and makes us happy; but I can go no farther. I entreat him with tears to manifest himself to me, but he refuses to hear my request; at least he does not comply with it. Yet Zemzi, let us adore him as he is; something informs me that we shall not be always unhappy: my heart confirms it; may it not be mistaken! This is all that Azaab can communicate to thee: consult thine own heart, perhaps it will teach thee more."

I left my father buried in the most gloomy thoughts. I descended from the rock, and took a walk into the valley of the Thebuctos. All that my father had said revived in my memory; „Yes, cried

I, he is! he exists!" — I was surprized at the time I had spent, without giving the least attention to the sensible proofs of his existence. In the midst of my ignorance, I rejoiced in having some glimpse of the dawn of a more happy day. My little acquisitions did not satisfy me, I conceived that I wanted something, without knowing what that might be. I prostrated myself on the ground, and transported by an extacy I said, „Great Being, thou art wise and good: I live with Axa, 'tis Thou, who hast given her to me to render me happy. O that I could but find thee, behold thee, and adore thee with her, then all my wishes would be gratified.“

That very day I communicated my discoveries to Axa. She was much affected with them, and strove with the greatest ardour to comprehend the few truths I had taught her. In a short time her faith became more lively than my own — — —

„Yes,

„Yes, my dear Zemzi, said she, pressing me to her bosom, „that Being whom thou hast spoken of, who has formed us to love one another — should be the object of our obedience. Let us vow, in his name, an eternal affection to each other.“ A few tender kisses cemented and ratified our vows.

From that aera we did not pass a single day without repairing, at a fixt time, to the valley to dedicate our moments to the Great Being. I then began to enjoy a tranquillity which I had never known before; and my satisfaction was heightened by the birth of a daughter. This was the crisis of my misfortunes. Alas! the illiterate rejoices, because he is ignorant of the abyfs into which he plunges, in quest of happiness, which always eludes his grasp. I took the little innocent in my arms, I offered her to the unknown invifible being; I implored him, with tears, to take her under his

protection; and engaged myself to prolong her days by paternal attentions. — Who would have thought then that I should have violated so solemn a promise. The features of my dear Axa were strongly marked in the countenance of her daughter, which was an additional engagement for me to love her the more.

I am now on the verge of my misfortunes. Here, chevalier, I must intreat your indulgence. My tears deluge my paper, and blot out my writing; and my trembling hand lets the pen fall. O Friendship! how sacred are thy rites! what does it cost me to execute the painful task which thou doest enjoin me! — But, nevertheless, I shall proceed.

As Axa and I were walking one day in the valley of the Thebuctos, and admiring the beauties of unadorned nature, some shrieks and cries, which seemed to be occasioned by pain, made us stop. Our first emotion was to fly; but

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compassion prevented us. We advanced, trembling to the spot from whence the noise came, and we perceived behind a thicket an unhappy wretch extended upon the earth, imploring the assistance of heaven. Axa, without the least hesitation, said, „let us assist this unhappy man,“ and without waiting for my answer, ran towards the stranger. I followed her, and we found that he had bruised himself by falling from the top of the rock. At our approach he redoubled his cries; by his gestures, I perceived, that he took us for enemies, who intended to rob him of the little remains of life, he still possessed. We comforted him by our signs and Axa ran to fetch Tabul. I endeavoured to converse with him by signs, which are made use of by savages; he could not make me any reply. My Father had taught me a little Spanish; I made use of it with success; the stranger understood me, and informed me, in the same language, that he was a slave who had made his escape.

Axa returned in a few minutes with my father and Tabul. We carried the poor man to our rock. Azaab, being acquainted with the virtues of simples, cured him in a few days. Azaab conversed with him in Spanish and asked how he came by himself to so desolate a place? He replied, „That he was an Englishman; that he was taken prisoner by the Spaniards and transported by them to their colonies; and that, worn out with the rigours he endured from them, he made his escape, without being detected; that he had wandered about several days, and at last, as he was endeavouring to climb the rock, he had a fall, which had reduced him to the wretched state in which we had found him.“

The description he gave us of the Spaniards, encreased our antipathy to them, as well as our compassion for their unhappy victim.

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The Englishman was the only object of my discourses with Axa. I promised myself that I should be able to draw some useful hints from him. I described to my wife the charms, which his friendship might diffuse upon our lives: I found her more sensible of it than myself. As she spoke of Lowther, for that was his name, she knew no bounds to the praises she gave him.

Her profusion soon disgusted me. I grew discontented, and ill-natured; I made her speak, hold her tongue, and begin the same sentence several times; In a word, I was jealous. Axa, the tender Axa, asked me, trembling, the cause of these oddities. I was ashamed to complain, I kept silence; but a moment after, transported by my jealousy, I cried out: „Darest thou ask me the cause of my troubles, when thou art the source of them?“ „What have I done, Axa, to merit thy hatred? — „Is this stranger,

whom thy heart prefers to me, more affectionate, or more faithful than — ?

Axa looked upon me in a languishing manner, and after a silence which carried with it the appearance of grief, she said to me: „How unjust art thou Zemzi! Cannot my heart be affected with the distresses of an unhappy man, cannot it melt with his misfortunes, without my being in love with him? I have made it no secret to You, that I did not hate this Englishman; but I will go farther, I will tell you, that I love him, but without permitting my regard for him ever to come in competition with that affection which I have for You. Yes, next to You and my daughter, he is the only person for whom I feel the least affection; but You Zemzi, and You alone, can make me happy.“

These expressions and the enchanting air with which she uttered them, quite capti-

captivated me; but when I found she loved me, I gave myself up to the most lively transports of joy. We were reconciled; and I obliged her to return to Lowther's company. She followed me sighing, and from that moment avoided being with him in private. Lowther instructed me in several things to which I was a stranger; he gave me an idea of the customs of Europe, and the christian religion. I was fond of both. From that day my solitude became insupportable, and I projected the means of quitting it as soon as possible. We made a kind of raft for ourselves; we tried it several times, and we were prepared to trust ourselves to the inconstant element. I did not then foresee the dangers to which I was exposing myself. Some days before our intended departure, my father died in our arms; and his death inspired us with a grief of which we had no idea before. A multiplicity of melancholy sensations, overwhelmed us, and, if it had

not been for our Englishman, would have overpowered us. I contemplated the face of the venerable old man, his paleness affected me with fear — I called to him — but without effect. — Death, cruel death, had robbed us of him for ever.

Azaab, who left us to the tuition of nature, had never spoken to us on the subject of death. Lowther took advantage of his silence, and embraced this opportunity of opening to us the gates of immortality. While he expatiated on this subject, I cried with transport — „What, is not Azaab dead then? Shall my eyes see him again? Shall he put his paternal arms again on my head, and give me his blessing? O Lowther I am transported with your religion — but tell me, where I must seek for him; when shall I see him again?“

He smiled, and assuming a solemn air, he explained to us as well as he could,

could, that man was composed of two principles; the one spiritual, and impassible, and the other terrestrial: that the spiritual one was called the soul, and the terrestrial the body: that, at the point of death, the soul was separated from the body, and took its flight to heaven, to enjoy an eternity of happiness. Had he stopped there, my life might have been composed of an uninterrupted succession of bliss; but, warmed by enthusiasm, he could not refrain from dropping some suspicions of my father's circumstances, on account of his not having passed through the laver of baptism. „What!“ cried I „will his virtues make no atonement for his ignorance? Must he be punished though he worshipped the same deity as thou dost? I cannot believe it. For if he be the true God, it must be confessed, either that he cannot be cruel, or that thy principles are false.“

He was at great pains to make me comprehend all the precepts of his religion;

ligion; at last he proved successful; and I had no other doubt which wanted an eclaireissement but that which concerned the state of Azaab. This chagrin was soon aggravated by another. I surprized Axa and Lowther in a private conference. I hid myself behind a tree, and listened to them. Lowther poured forth a multiplicity of sweet things to Axa, who heard them with great impatience — „Why wilt thou torment me?“ said she in a plaintive tone. „Thou knowest that I do not hate thee, and what wilt thou have more; my heart is too susceptible: I am affected with thy cares, and I could wish that I could regard thee with more tenderness; but Zemzi has the advantage of thee. Ah! certainly, poor Zemzi would die if I were to love thee more than him, and Axa neither could nor would survive him. What have I done, nay, what has Zemzi done to thee, that thou shouldst strive to make us unhappy?“

The

The very complaints of Axa inspired Lowther with courage, he repeated his importunities, and proposed to her to share her heart between him and me.

„No“ replied she, „that is impossible, and he will never acquiesce in it. Leave me, for You alone make me unhappy.“

She ran from him, and I discovered myself — — — But being charmed at her preferring me to my rival, I clasped her in my arms, and breathed in her bosom every thing that gratitude and love could inspire. My rival could not bear to see me; he ran away, and I was simple enough to run after him. I had suffered so much from jealousy, that I sympathised with him. He made me some frivolous excuses, which I received as good ones, and we became the best friends in the world.

We set out two days after. Axa, my daughter, Lowther; Tabul and myself, went upon the raft. We had the
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precaution to take a quantity of provisions, and the riches of the cave with us. We continued our voyage without danger, till we came to the upper parts of the river of the Amazons. We steered to the right, in hopes of finding some vessel, which might carry us more conveniently to one of the English colonies, where our riches might supply us with the means of living agreeably.

Not formed for the fatigue of a voyage, we found ourselves in no very good plight. One night when Axa and Tabul were asleep, the barbarous Lowther seized upon me, and flung me into the sea, without the least pity to the little innocent, whom I held in my arms. I know not what became of me in this dreadful moment. When I recovered I found myself upon a dry sand, holding my daughter close to my bosom. Despair took an entire possession of me. I was tempted several times to cast myself into
the

the sea, and as often the welfare of my child prevented me. The darkness added to my distress; the cries of my daughter, and the roaring of the sea, conspired to aggravate my fears. I passed the night in this terrible condition. The crime of Lowther, the loss of a spouse whom I adored, affected me so much as to deprive me of my senses. The day appeared, my eyes, which swam in tears, were directed around me, but could discern no trace of man or beast. A burning sand was the only object which presented itself to my sight.

Axa, the unfortunate Axa, was the object of all my thoughts: I was alarmed for her life, rather than for her honour; and I prayed the Deity of the cruel Lowther, to protect her from the attempts of that perfidious wretch. I passed three days in this condition, without taking any nourishment, supporting my daughter only by my tears. Paternal love enabled
me

me to support my distress. I traversed the sea coasts, I wandered into the inland parts, but my researches were in vain. I made the desert resound with my cries; and I raved against that Deity, which had been represented to us as so beneficent and good, and accused him of injustice and cruelty. My rage increased to such an excess, that I took a large stone and crushed the head of my child with it. I embraced the bloody relicks, and resolved to put an end to my miseries and my life; at the same time I rushed towards the shore, and plunged into the sea.

You shudder, chevalier, your eyes must turn from such a scene with horror. You call me a monster, assassin and parricide. I merit all these reproachful titles; but at the same time your reproaches are not equal to my repentance.

The love of life, which I did not think myself susceptible of, made me
strive

strive to swim and regain the shore. My weakness prevented my intention, and I was carried at a distance by the tide. A vessel descried me, sent a boat to me, and assisted me in the very moment that my strength began to be exhausted. They forced me to swallow some strong liquid, which restored my spirits. I was carried on board the vessel: but — o heavens! how great was my surprize and rage! — Axa and Lowther were the first objects which struck my languid eyes. Axa, my dearest Axa, struggling and almost expiring, was leaning upon the arm of Lowther. The sight of this traitor revived my exhausted strength; I fell upon him, snatched his sword, and pierced him through the body. The perfidious wretch drew it out again, and looking at me with his haggard eyes, „I die,“ said he, „and am revenged;“ and immediately after he plunged his weapon into the bosom of the unfortunate Axa.

I gave a shriek, and fell down senseless. After I recovered from this swoon, I was so delirious, that they were obliged to tie me down. I remained fifteen days in this condition. My first care, when I recovered my senses, was to enquire for Axa. The air and manner in which they answered me, and Tabul, whom I saw bathed in tears at my bedside, convinced me that Axa was no more. My despair was excessive; nor would it ever have been mitigated, had not the purser of the ship, whom my wife had acquainted with our circumstances, comforted me, and rescued me from the transports of my rage.

He at last gave me some conceptions of the truths of religion. What renewal of grief did not I feel, when I knew that I had been guilty both of parricide and incest! Providence however favoured me with an idea of its dispensations. Our ship put in at St. Salvador, and I seized that

that opportunity to devote myself to that Deity, who had drawn me to him thro' the paths of grief. Tears and prayers are my only resources. Time cannot have any effect upon my chagrin; your friendship, chevalier, is the only thing that can alleviate it. May my dreadful narrative not deprive me of it! The remembrance of Axa, her unfortunate catastrophe, my daughter, the treachery of Lowther, alternately engross my thoughts. Altogether they overcome me, and do not leave me power enough to bid you farewell, and to wait for death, as the only cure for all my sufferings.

26.

A very whimsical anecdote of the late Duke of Newcastle.

At the close of an election at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcastle was so

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delighted

delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. „My dear friend, I love You dearly! You are the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! what can I do for you?“ „May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old. I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die.“ „Ay, that you shall with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now! As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend! be it night or day, insist upon seeing me sleeping or waking. If I am not at Cleremont, come to Lincoln's Inn-Fields; if I am not at Lincoln's Inn-Fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you have found me; not the Sanctum Sanctorum, or any place shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet.“ The voter
 swal-

swallowed every thing with extasy; and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The former took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprized of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's Inn-Fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste, as soon as ever the death of his catholik majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not

retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants, to send any person to his chamber who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter; „Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came.“ „Ah, God blefs him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray shew me up.“ The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and in the transport of his joy, cried out, „My Lord, he is dead.“ „That is well, my dear friend, I am glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?“ „The morning before last, and please your grace.“ „What so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown. The lightening itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?“

you?" „All I wish for in this world, is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him.“ „You, you blockhead! You king of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let us look at you.“ By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition, that the king of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was at first dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, he wished for — he made him an excise - man.

*Reflections on the several arts that
have been practised for helping
the memory.*

The knowledge of the means that may serve for perfecting the memory, is called the mnemonic art. Four of these means are usually admitted, for we may either have recourse to such physical remedies as have been thought proper for fortifying the mass of the brain; or to certain figures and schematisms, which cause a thing to be better graved in the memory; or to technical terms, which easily recall what has been learnt; or, lastly, to a certain logical arrangement of ideas, by placing each so as that they may follow in a natural order. As to what regards physical remedies, it is not to be doubted but a regimen of life well observed may greatly contribute to the preservation of memory; as, on the contrary, excess
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in eating, drinking, and pleasures must weaken it. But the same cannot be said of other remedies recommended by certain authors, such as powders, the use of tobacco, cataplasms applied to the temples, potions, purgations, oils, baths, and strong odours; all these remedies are very justly suspected, it being found by experience that their use was often more pernicious than salutary; as it happened to Daniel Heinsius and others, who, far from receiving any advantage from those remedies, found, at last, their memory so impaired, that they could not remember their own names, nor those of their domestics. Others have had recourse to schematisms. It is well known that we retain a thing more easily, when, by the means of the external senses, it makes a more lively impression on our mind. For this reason some have endeavoured to help the memory, in its functions, by representing ideas under certain figures which may in some measure be expressive

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of

of them. Thus it is that children are taught, not only to know the letters of the alphabet, but also to make familiar to them the principal events of sacred and profane history. Some authors also, by a singular predilection for figures, have applied these schematisms to philosophical sciences. Winkelmann, a German, has published all Aristotle's Logic in figures. He also defines Logic in this manner: Aristotle is represented sitting, in a profound meditation; which is to signify that Logic is a talent of the mind, and not of the body: he holds a key in his right hand to denote that Logic is not a science, but a key for the sciences: In the left hand he holds a hammer, to shew that Logic is an instrumental habitude; and, lastly, before him is a vice whereon is a piece of fine and a piece of base gold, importing that the end of Logic is to distinguish truth from falsehood.

It being certain that our imagination is of great assistance to memory, we cannot

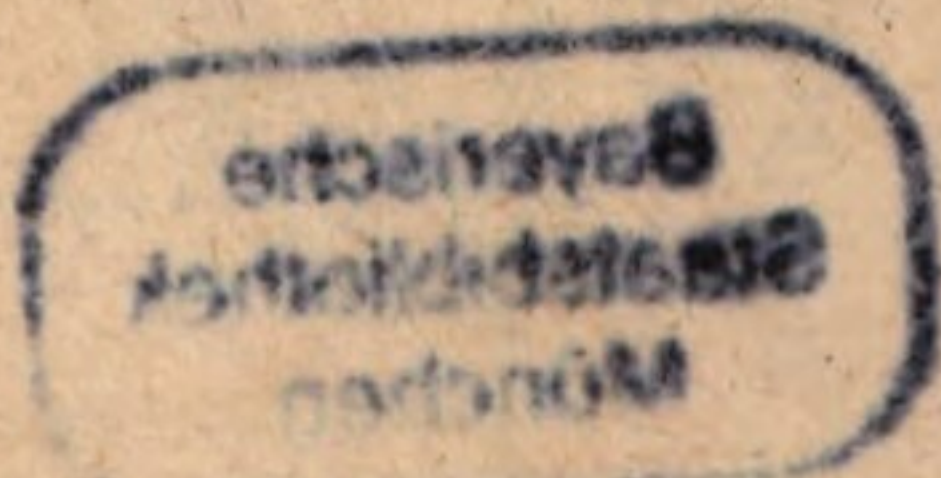
cannot absolutely reject the method of
 schematisms, provided the images having
 nothing extravagant nor puerile in them,
 are applied to things that are not in
 the least susceptible thereof. But herein
 several have failed in many respects; for
 some would fain have specified by figures
 all sorts of moral and metaphysical things;
 which is absurd, because these things
 require so many explanations, that the
 labour of memory is thereby doubled.
 Others have given such absurd and ri-
 diculous images, that, far from rendering
 science agreeable, it became by their
 manner, highly disgusting. Those who
 begin to make use of their reason, should
 abstain from this method, and endeavour
 to help memory by the means of judgment.
 The same may be said of what is called
 technical memory. Some have proposed
 the imagining of a house or town, and of
 representing to themselves therein the
 different parts wherein were placed the
 things or ideas they designed to re-
 member.

member. Others, instead of a house, or town, made choice of certain animals of which the initial letters compose a latin alphabet. They divide each member of every one of these beasts into five parts, whereto they affix ideas; which furnishes them with 150. distinct places, for as many ideas, as they imagine are affixed. Some others have recourse to certain words, verses, and the like: For example, to remember the words Alexander, Romulus, Mercury, and Orpheus, they take the initial letters that from the word ,Armo'. All that can be said on this head, is that all those words and technical verses appear more difficult to be retained, than even the things themselves, of which they are designed to facilitate the study.

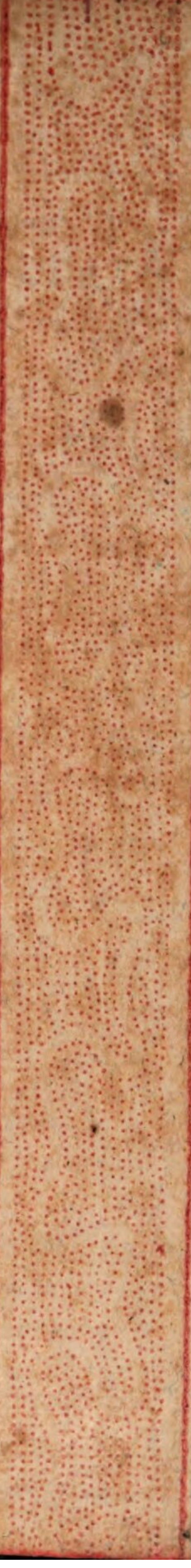
Logic furnishes us with the surest means of perfecting memory. The more clear and distinct the idea is we have of a thing, the more easily we shall retain and remember it when required. If there
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be many ideas, they are disposed in their natural order, so as to have the principal idea followed by the accessory ideas, as so many consequences; and, with this, some other contrivance may take place: For instance, if any thing is composed to be got afterwards by heart, care should be taken to write it down distinctly, to mark the different parts by certain separations, and to make use of initial letters in the beginning of a sentence: This is what is called local memory. To get by heart, retirement into some silent and sequestered place is next recommended; and there are some that make choice of the night, and even get to bed.

We find mention made of the mnemonic art in several passages of the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans Cicero attributes the invention of it to Simonides. This philosopher, being in Thessaly, was invited to an entertainment by Scopas. When the guests were
all



all at table, two young men desired Simonides to be called out to speak to him in the yard. Simonides had scarce accosted them, when the dining-room, where the others remained, fell in and killed them. When their friends wanted to bury them, they were so disfigured that they could not be distinguished. Then Simonides, recollecting the place where each person sat, named them one after the other; which made known, says Cicero, that order was the principal thing for helping the memory.



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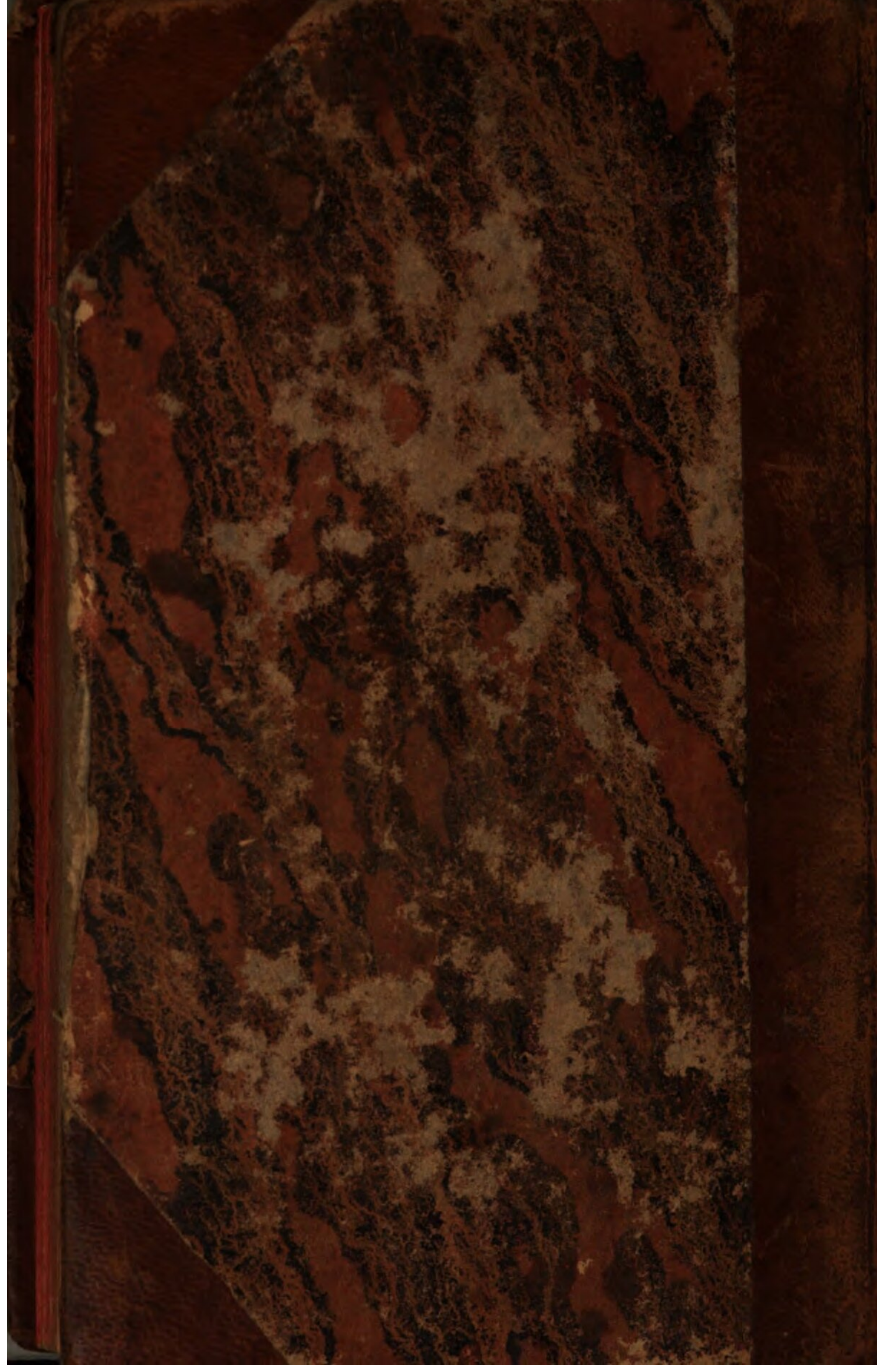
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Rievethal, Johann Georg, 1754-1818

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